How Kennedy Got Drafted • Is Europe Decadent?

…py Birthday, World War II • Taft on Henry Cabot Lodge

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

T4401?RITTER LIB PERIODICALS
RITTER LIB PERIODICALS
BALDWIN WALLACE COLL
BEREA, OH 44017

THE NEW REPUBLIC

October 6, 1979

Price One Dollar

v. 181, no. 14

Verdi!

Isaiah Berlin

David Schorr

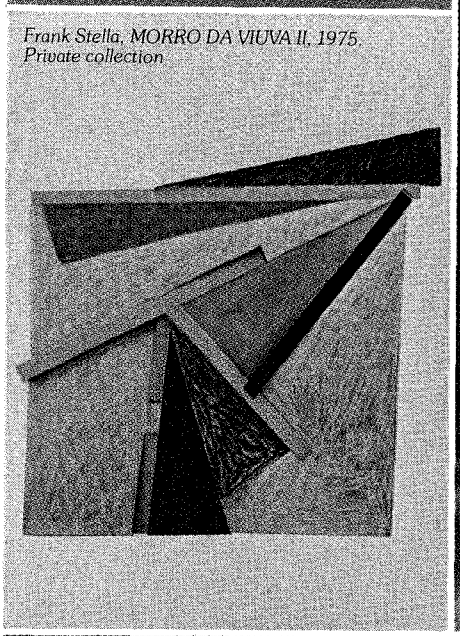
Richard Howard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

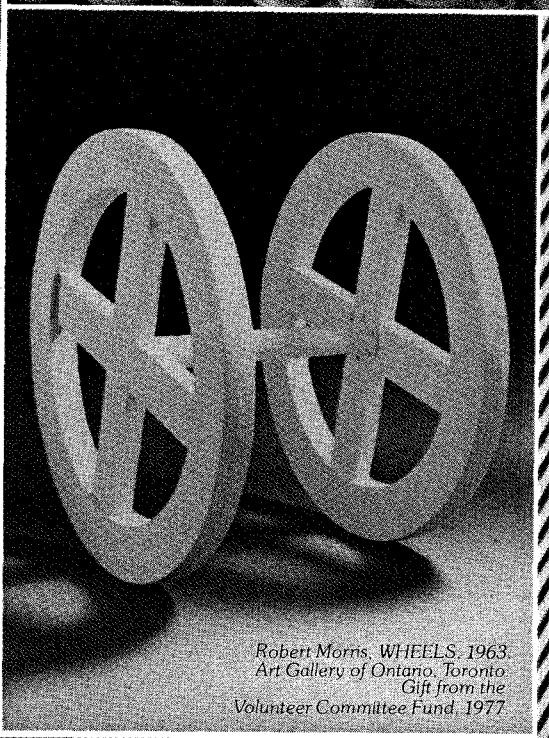
What's go

Andy Warhol, SELF-PORTRAIT, 1978.
Collection the artist

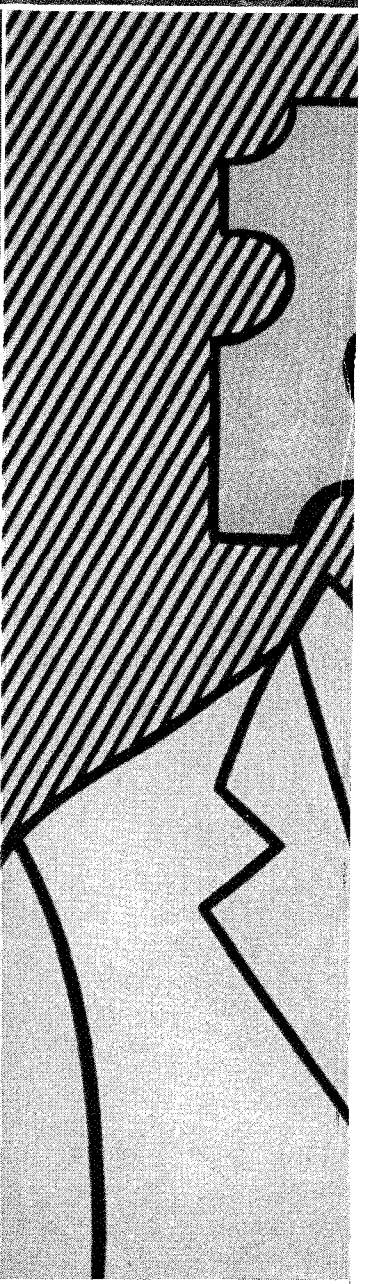
Jim Dine, (STILL LIVES), PAINTING ON MANHATTAN ISLAND, 1978. Collection Deutsche Bank, New Yo

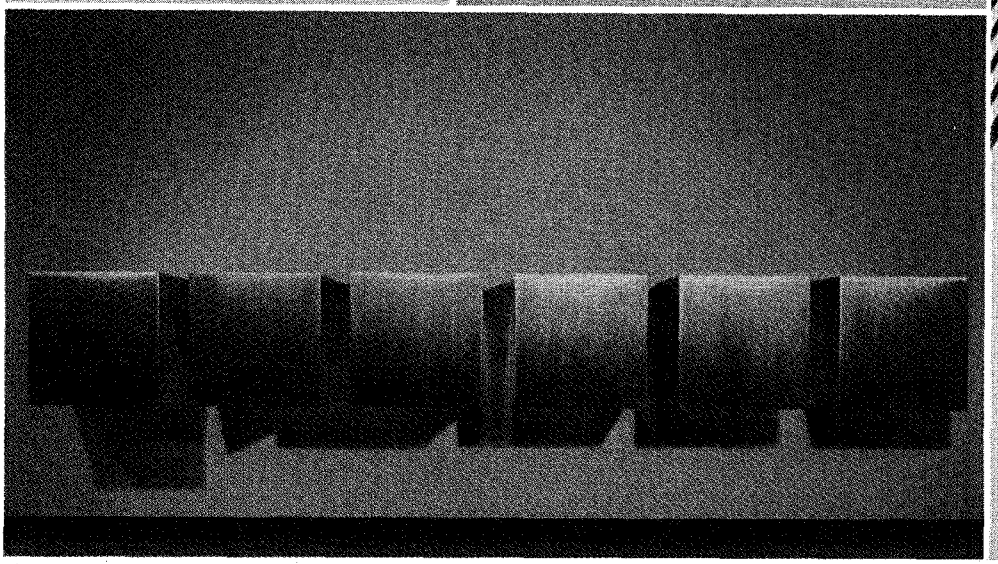


Frank Stella, MORRO DA VIUVA II, 1975.
Private collection



Robert Morris, WHEELS, 1963.
Art Gallery of Ontario, Toronto
Gift from the
Volunteer Committee Fund, 1977



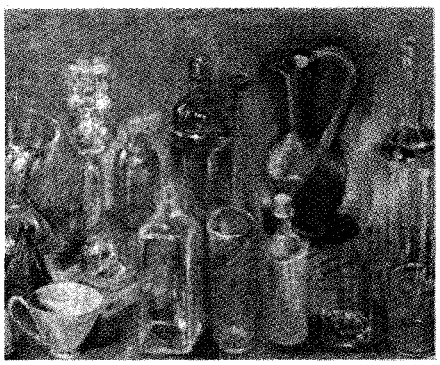


Donald Judd, UNTITLED, 1966-1968. Layton Art Collection, Milwaukee Art Center

Roy Lichtenstein, PORTRAIT, 1977. Privat

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ng on here?



You're looking at some pictures and constructions of contemporary American artists whose work once baffled, infuriated and delighted us, depending on your point of view. They challenged us then to see the things we'd always seen but never seen. And they succeeded.

Once these artists and their works were separately sealed in boxes labeled "pop" and "minimal." Now we can see them as part of the whole, of the single thread of our lives and times—in a stunning new exhibition organized by the Milwaukee Art Center titled "Emergence and Progression: Six Contemporary American Artists," the first that brings together their disparate responses to their common challenge.

They teach us, each artist in his own way, that beneath the simple lies the complex, and that we can only discover what is really going on by looking at it long enough.

That's one reason we sponsored this exhibition and why we hope you can see it at the times and places listed below. In our business as in yours, we need to be reminded that in the search for fresh insights, the simplest and most familiar things can be as productive as the exotic and esoteric. Sponsorship of art that reminds us of this—and of our need for individual imagination, individual creativeness and individual innovativeness—is not patronage. It's a business and human necessity.

If your company would like to know more about corporate sponsorship of art, write George Weissman Chairman of the Board, Philip Morris Incorporated, 100 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Philip Morris Incorporated

It takes art to make a company great.

Makers of Marlboro, Benson & Hedges 100's, Merit, Parliament Lights, Virginia Slims and Multifilter; Miller High Life Beer, Lite Beer and Löwenbräu Special and Dark Special Beer; 7 UP and Diet 7 UP.

"Emergence and Progression: Six Contemporary American Artists" appears at the Milwaukee Art Center, Milwaukee, WI October 11 to December 9, 1979; Virginia Museum of Fine Art, Richmond, VA January 16-March 2, 1980; J. B. Speed Art Museum, Louisville, KY April 1-June 29; New Orleans Museum of Art, New Orleans, LA June 25-September 14, 1980 This exhibition is made possible by grants from Philip Morris Incorporated, Miller Brewing Company and Philip Morris Industrial.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington
October 6, 1979

Susie and the Pope

Here is the twice-born president and here is the pontiff of Rome, and they greet and smile . . . but all I can see in the crowd is Susie. She isn't there in person of course; she is buried beside the butternut tree in a pasture cemetery in South Lee, New Hampshire, within sight of the farmhouse where she was born, 98 years earlier. The million who will say mass on the Washington Mall with the pope are awed by the precedent and this is an historic event, all right, but people are inclined to interpret these things in personal terms. The pope in the White House? I wonder how Susie would feel about it.

America was founded on religion. People came from a long way to be able to pray as they pleased. Susie's forebears did. They put it there in the Constitution: "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. . . ." Early settlers were stiff-necked and narrow. (Nobody is prejudiced anymore because nobody takes it that seriously; you have to believe in something first to be bigoted.) Was Susie prejudiced? No, she just reflected the views of her place and time, on a farm where the croquet wickets had to come in on Saturday night because tomorrow was Sunday.

The pope's visit is a tremendous moment but you need a bit of history to realize how tremendous it is. My point of departure is a black manual that looks like a prayer book, with the words in gilt on the cover: "RULES 1867 Benj F. LANG." He was Susie's grandfather. He served in the New Hampshire state legislature in 1867 and the handbook gives the state constitution, adopted in 1792. Article 42 says that "no person shall be eligible for this office [governor] . . . unless he shall be of the Protestant religion." There is a Protestant requirement for senators, too. The book has statistics on the recent election. I am sure you want to know how Lee voted in the Lincoln-McClellan contest; it cast 78 votes for Lincoln and 106 for McClellan. McClellan, of course, had all the charisma.

The Protestant clause for governor wasn't much more than a century ago. The thing that changed the religious and ethnic set-up was a vegetable. Yes, the potato crop failed in Ireland in the 1840s and the population dropped catastrophically from 8.5 million to 6.5 million. Some starved and a million and a half suddenly came to America. So the local zealots here formed the anti-clerical Know-Nothing party ("What does it stand for?"—"I know nothing"). Would America have religious wars and assassinations like Europe's? Not with that freedom clause in the Constitution. Religion was just below the political surface, however.

In the 1884 Cleveland-Blaine contest religion swung the election. That was a gaudy affair with Cleveland's illegitimate child and Blaine's supposed pilfering: "Blaine, Blaine, Blaine, the continental liar from the state of Maine!" and "Ma, Ma, where's my Pa?—Gone to the White House, ha, ha, ha." Everything turned on New York's 36 electoral votes. The Reverend Samuel Borchard, introducing Blaine at a New York rally, called Democrats the party of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." Blaine didn't protest; Tammany reacted; Cleveland carried the state by just 1149 votes out of 1,200,000 with a consequent national electoral count of 219-182.

Some 40 years later Herbert Hoover beat Al Smith by a landslide with an election that showed, some political pundits declared, that no Catholic could ever be elected president—he would invite the pope to the White House, wouldn't he? Then came Kennedy. The supreme test was at the Rice Hotel, Houston, on September 12, 1960. The senator faced the Greater Houston Ministerial Association and declared, "I believe in an America where the separation of Church and State is absolute; where no Catholic prelate would tell the president, should he be a Catholic, how to act, and no Protestant minister would tell his parishioners for whom to vote." They doubted; they rubbed their eyes—they believed. They interrupted one explanation with ringing applause. His younger brother Teddy today opposes abortion, but he votes for use of tax funds in the District of Columbia to finance abortions of poor women because the majority so decreed.

So I am awed by John Paul II's visit to Washington. How much is symbol, how much is real? How does it weave into the fabric of history? This is the first modern, secular, pluralistic nation the new pope has visited; this is the country where the founders wrote freedom of choice into their basic law; where taxes cannot support a church, where the Supreme Court ruled as recently as 1963 (rather uncomfortably) that legislatures may not require public school classes to recite Bible verses or even, bless us, the Lord's Prayer. America changes; so does the church, though slowly; it gave up the ban on loaning money at interest after several centuries; it finally agreed that Galileo was right that the earth moves around the sun. It now faces communicants who do not accept the ban against contraceptives—a matter of considerable demographic as well as personal importance as the global race accelerates between food and population.

Jimmy Carter, born James Earl Carter, welcomes John Paul II, born Karol Wojtyla, the leader of an institution of two centuries greeting one of two millennia. Now there is a third ideology loose in the world, a newcomer; it is a lay religion that preaches communist atheism, worships the state, and has nuclear bombs. Both men are wary of it.

I think Susie would have adjusted to these changes and looked forward eagerly to the next chapter, as she always did. I use her as a symbol of the past viewing the startling present. She didn't know much about the Catholic Church, I guess, except what she got out of *Ivanhoe* and *The Cloister and the Hearth*, and they were prejudiced. A great change came in the Second Vatican Council, 1962-65. It opened the way to the vernacular in the services, extended a friendly hand to other faiths, and expressly endorsed the freedom of religion. But this nod to modernism has caused uncertainty, students declare. As the pageantry goes on in the pope's visit, and the genuine friendliness, priestly ordinations decline. Can the celibate priesthood continue? Protestant churches have problems, too. The enemy today is materialism and hedonism; not bigotry but indifference.

Copyright 1979 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6593). Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fall 1979

The Encyclopedia of World Soccer
Richard Henshaw
Foreword by Sir Stanley Rous, Honorary President FIFA

This is the first complete encyclopedia of the fastest growing sport in America today. An illustrated factual handbook as well as a comprehensive history, *The Encyclopedia of World Soccer* is unique in its global coverage of the game.
October Photographs
$22.50 until December 31, 1979; $25.00 thereafter

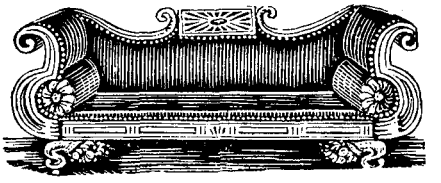
Splendor in Exile
The Ex-Majesties of Europe
Charles Fenyvesi

Here are the true stories of the kings and princes of Europe who, in a century wracked by war and totalitarian rule, were forced to renounce or vacate their thrones. Included are personal interviews with Henri Bourbon-Orléans, count of Paris; Portugal's Dom Duarte João; King Michael of Romania, and nine others.
November Photographs
$12.95

Léon Blum
Jean Lacouture
Translated by George Holoch

More than any other individual, Léon Blum expressed the yearnings of France's revolutionary traditions to come to terms with the modern world. In Lacouture's widely acclaimed biography, Blum's life is a profound example of the integrity of a socialist's and humanist's vision in an age numbed by cynicism and despair.
January Photographs
$15.95

Affairs of the Mind
The Salon in Europe and America
From the Eighteenth to the Twentieth Century
Edited by Peter Quennell



A social and cultural saga of the historic salons of Europe and America, where the avant-garde of politics, art and literature were drawn by the magnetic charm of hostesses whose parlor rooms became the setting for glittering wit and opinion and the "ferment of ideas."
February Photographs
$12.95

New Republic Books
1220 19th Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 181, No. 14, Issue 3378, October 6, 1979. Published weekly (except the issues of July 14, July 28, August 11, September 8) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street NW, Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.00; Yearly subscriptions, $24; foreign, $27; students, $17.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 705, Whitinsville, Mass. 01588. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Contents

TRB from Washington	4	Susie and the Pope
Comment	7	Reefer Madness The Human Comedy
	9	Correspondence
John Osborne	10	White House Watch: A Touch of Oil
Morton Kondracke	12	She Stoops for Oil
Ronald Steel	15	The War Europe Lost
Barney Frank	17	Politics: How Ted Got Drafted
John Taft	19	Mr. Liberal Republican
		Books and the Arts
Stanley Kauffmann	24	Films: Effects of War
David Schorr	25	My Verdi
Isaiah Berlin	30	The 'Naiveté' of Verdi
Richard Howard	32	Poem: "Giuseppe Verdi"
Michael Harrington	34	*Small Futures* by Richard H. deLone for the Carnegie Council on Children
Jack Beatty	36	*Ghost Writer* by Philip Roth
Daniel Aaron	38	James T. Farrell (1904-1979)
Washington Diarist	43	Celebrity

Cover: The Verdi Requiem *by David Schorr. Portfolio of engravings on page 25.*

WASHINGTON, D.C.

A Renaissance of Graciousness

A luxury hotel in the great European tradition. Elegant, quiet, unruffled—never a convention.

THE MADISON

Washington's Correct Address

15th & M Streets, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

Phone (Toll-free) 800-424-8577

or see your travel agent

Marshall B. Coyne, Proprietor

Staff

Editor-in-Chief and Publisher—*Martin Peretz*
Editor—*Michael Kinsley*
Literary Editor—*Jack Beatty*
Executive Editor—*Morton M. Kondracke*
Senior Editor—*John Osborne*
Staff Writer—*Stephen Chapman*
Assistant to the Editors—*Gwen Somers*
Films—*Stanley Kauffmann*
Poetry Editor—*Robert Pinsky*
Production Manager—*Dorothy Wickenden*
Assistant Literary Editor—*Ann Hulbert*
Production Assistant—*Lisa Derman*
Contributing Editors—*Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Paul Fussell, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Joyce Carol Oates, Paul Robinson, Tad Szulc, Michael Walzer, Leon Wieseltier*
Staff Photographer—*Jeff Vinson*
Intern—*Rene Becker*

General Manager and Associate Publisher—*Robert A. Cohen*
Assistant Publisher—*Bart Rubenstein*
Circulation Manager—*Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien*
Assistant Circulation Manager—*Dara Buckner*
Business Manager—*Rhonda Davis Schoem*
Assistant Business Manager—*J. Kristine Klasman*
Rights and Permissions—*Yvonne Anthony*
Advertising Representative—*Bonnie Perkel, 50 East 42nd St., Room 513, New York, NY 10016 (212) 599-3070*
Advertising Coordinator—*Carol L. Weinman*
Leadership Network Advertising—*Robert F. Sennott Jr., New York (212) 682-4500*
Receptionist—*Ruby McGowan*
Staff Associate—*Theresa Miller*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

October 6, 1979

Reefer Madness

It wasn't so long ago that recreational drugs like marijuana and cocaine were an underclass vice, and correspondingly regarded by the law. Even 10 or 15 years ago, college kids experimenting with marijuana did so in private, with the thrill of illicitness adding to the high. Today it's not uncommon to catch a whiff of marijuana while standing in line for a movie or while walking through the park on a sunny day, although most still take their pleasure behind closed doors. Even the most naive have come to recognize its fragrant aroma. And almost no one gives it a second thought. Why should anyone? Chances are pretty good he or she smokes too, or at least knows people who do. Nearly 43 million Americans have smoked marijuana. About 16 million use it regularly. And still, if you are caught at it in most states, possession of even small amounts of marijuana brings criminal charges and possible prison sentences up to five years or fines up to $15,000. Millions have used cocaine and a million and a half use it regularly, yet possession is still a felony.

We're tempted to feel sorry for Hamilton Jordan, caught up in the insanity of the nation's drug laws. There is no hard evidence that Jordan has used cocaine, as various people have accused him of doing, and he denies ever having done so. But even if he had done so, it would have been an utterly trivial occurrence. Jordan's accusers generally make no bones about their own regular use of cocaine and marijuana. Nor, in private, do many of the journalists and others dwelling on his misery. Jordan must feel trapped in a giant web of hypocrisy. We would sympathize more if he and the administration he works for did not contribute to the atmosphere of hypocrisy. If Jordan did not use cocaine at one or another party during 1978, neither did he recoil in horror or attempt to make a citizen's arrest over what he must have seen going on all around him during his fast-living days of the early part of this administration. Nor has his administration made the slightest effort to bring the government's official attitude about drug abuse—or rather, use, since the law makes no distinction—in line with reality.

Legalization of marijuana and cocaine is hardly more urgent just because they have become the vices of the affluent. But the fact that people all around our government officials, if not the officials themselves, partake of these vices all the time makes the anomaly of their illegality more glaring. There is no evidence that these drugs are more harmful than legally approved vices such as alcohol and cigarettes, and plenty of evidence that marijuana, especially, is not. Attempting to prevent their widespread use is a hopeless task that wastes huge amounts of law enforcement resources. Although these drug laws are generally disregarded, in a way that encourages disrespect for all laws, sporadic enforcement traps a few random unfortunates who then suffer disproportionately as proxies for the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

millions who are never caught. It is not exactly the most pressing moral issue on the national agenda, but reform of the nation's laws about recreational drugs would bring public policy in line with private mores.

For more than 10 years there has been a serious grassroots effort to change the drug laws of this country. Although groups like NORML (the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws) have had a notable effect on the local and state level—11 states now have decriminalized possession of small amounts of marijuana—and continue to lobby strongly in Washington, the federal government has, if anything, become more resistant to change. President Carter, who in his 1976 campaign promised to work for drug law reform, has supported the efforts of the Drug Enforcement Administration, the FBI, and even the CIA to beat back the growing tide of "recreational" drug use. But despite spending millions of dollars to stop Americans from smoking marijuana or sniffing cocaine, law enforcers have failed miserably. Despite more than a thousand studies and millions of dollars spent on research, the government has discovered no proof that marijuana is either physically or psychologically addictive, or that it causes brain and chromosome damage, or male impotence—all well-publicized allegations. Marijuana also is reputed to cause cancer. But the American Cancer Society has pointed out that inhaling any product of combustion is a potential cancer hazard. It also says that what little experimental evidence there is suggests that marijuana is no more dangerous than tobacco. But even enthusiastic marijuana consumers don't inhale as much smoke as the average tobacco addict.

Other experiments indicate marijuana may prove a boon to medicine. Several studies found that one active agent in marijuana effectively reduces the ocular pressure of glaucoma, the leading source of blindness in America. Marijuana also can relieve the nausea caused by chemotherapy treatment for cancer. Already 14 states have legalized the use of marijuana by prescription for medical purposes. The American Medical Association and the American Public Health Association support decriminalization of the drug. But last June Health, Education and Welfare secretary Joseph Califano refused to reclassify marijuana so it could be used in all states for such purposes.

Less is known about cocaine, but enough is known to conclude that present government policy is obtuse. To this day cocaine, a drug derived from coca plant leaves, is misclassified as an opiate (meaning a derivative of the poppy, like morphine and heroin). The only danger the government can cite with any certainty about cocaine is that excessive snorting of it can damage nasal membranes.

It is impossible to know how many cocaine arrests are made each year because the statistics are lumped together with those for narcotics arrests. But last year, 450,000 Americans were arrested for possession of marijuana. Of course this adds considerable congestion to the judicial system. Worse, an arrest or conviction can become part of a person's record and scar him or her for life—just for doing what everyone else around seems to be doing as well.

The cost of enforcing the law has kept pace with the ballooning prices of recreational drugs. The total federal drug enforcement budget for 1979, which is divided among 14 agencies (from the State Department to Customs, with DEA garnering the largest share) is $437.6 million. Add to that another $385.8 million for the government's drug abuse prevention campaign and the millions spent at the local and state level, and you find that we spend more than a billion dollars a year. Of course a large chunk of this is directed at heroin and other drugs that are clearly dangerous. (This does not necessarily mean that our present proscriptive laws make sense, but drugs like heroin raise different questions.) Despite all this expenditure, the government figures that between 22 and 33 million pounds of marijuana got to the streets and into consumers' hands in 1977, whereas between seven and 10 million pounds of marijuana were seized. And cocaine? DEA claims the federal program confiscated 1638 pounds of cocaine, with "foreign cooperative seizure" netting another 6245 pounds. DEA estimates that between 19 and 23 metric tons of cocaine hit the streets that year. Despite these figures, DEA insists it could eliminate the drug culture if only it could get more money. This claim is transparently ludicrous. The cost of eliminating drugs from the US, even if it were possible, would be astronomical.

Selling recreational drugs is a booming business. It has been estimated that if all the marijuana wholesalers, retailers, and importers worked as part of one firm, Pot, Inc. would be the third largest industrial corporation in the US, after General Motors and Exxon.

One widely touted solution to the drug anomaly is decriminalization. This means making it legal to use a drug like marijuana, while keeping the laws against selling it. It's interesting to note that this is the opposite of the legal trend regarding another "victimless" crime: prostitution. Under pressure from the feminist movement, police have begun to end their traditional practice of arresting the supplier (the prostitute) while letting the user (the john) go free. Punishing drug suppliers while leaving drug users alone is a similar sort of discrimination, but on class rather than sexual lines. Under decriminalization, the types of people lawmakers and law enforcers run into at parties could indulge their habit without fear, while the government continued to spend millions pursuing, trying, and jailing the very different sort of person who supplied them. If it is not wrong to buy marijuana, it should not be wrong to sell it.

Some people inevitably will abuse substances used in moderation by others—whether alcohol, tobacco, or drugs. That is no argument for banning marijuana, any

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Blitzer responds to Maynes

To the editors:

In a letter to *The New Republic* last week, Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs Charles William Maynes called my earlier assertion in these pages ("Andy Young's Undoing," *TNR*, September 15) that Young had told Maynes on August 11 of the exact nature of his meeting with PLO Observer Zehdi Labib Terzi "a falsehood" and "complete nonsense." I reject Maynes's characterizations and stand by what I wrote.

The matter is obviously very sensitive for Maynes because the State Department, at his recommendation, had issued misleading press guidance on the Young-Terzi meeting when first questioned about it. Only after Young confided the truth to Israeli ambassador at the UN Yehuda Blum and the Israeli government formally protested did the State Department correct its earlier version.

I was not the first to report that Young had told Maynes the truth, and that the State Department later tried to go to bat for the controversial UN envoy by releasing an incorrect cover story. In an interview with the *New York Times* on August 19, Young himself said that he had made available all the pertinent data about the meeting with Terzi during his conversation with Maynes. Young said that Maynes had called him in New Orleans and asked him about the meeting. "I said, 'look, I'm going to give you the official version,'" Young said. It was clear to Maynes, the ambassador continued, that there was more to it by the very expression, "give you the official version." Young went on to note that that he had told Maynes what had happened and had held back only the point that he had arranged the meeting with Terzi. Yet, Young said, when the State Department responded to press inquiries, "they made it a more casual encounter than it was." Following publication of that interview, Young repeated the assertion to other reporters.

Maynes, in his reply to my article, tried to discredit me by questioning my motives and my journalistic ethics in "rushing into print" without first speaking with him. Regarding my motives, they were and remain the same: to find the true story. Maynes's position had earlier been on the public record (it was discussed at length in the *New York Times*). I had reviewed the issue in considerable detail with other State Department officials close to the assistant secretary.

There are other reasons why I believe Young when he denies that he "lied" to the State Department on this point. I was repeatedly told by sources at the UN and in Washington of the very close relationship that had developed between Young and Maynes during the past three years. In many respects Maynes became Young's alter ego. Like so many other foreign policy aides recruited by the Carter administration, both men were third world-firsters who came to hate the prohibition against US contacts with the PLO, the most popular "liberation movement" in the third world. Many others who understand the nature of the Young-Maynes relationship have told me that it was only natural for Maynes to try to help out his friend when word of the "unauthorized" meeting leaked.

Wolf Blitzer
Washington, DC

California university mix-up

To the editors:

Robert Lekachman was mistaken in identifying Arthur Laffer with UCLA (review of *An American Renaissance*, *TNR*, August 4 & 11). Laffer teaches at the University of Southern California.

Andrew Moulthrop
Berkeley, California

Radical clichés

To the editors:

In his review of *The Neoconservatives* (*TNR*, September 1 & 8), Lawrence Goodwyn writes: "America's corporate-dominated foreign policy increasingly isolates this nation from the revolution of hope that has swept through the third world. . . ."

How much longer will radicals live by meaningless clichés? What "revolution of hope"? Does he mean Idi Amin, or Bokassa, or the terrorized people of Ethiopia, or the soured regime of Toure? Is it Pol Pot and the Robespierre reign of virtuous terror, or Vietnam with its racist policy of driving out ethnic Chinese? Is it madman Qaddafi, who is financing an atom bomb in Pakistan; or Algeria, which restricts the role of women; or does he mean the saintly Khomeini? Is it still Castro, one-fourth of whose army is in Africa as mercenaries for the Soviet Union, while his economy is propped up by that country? Is all this what Mr. Goodwyn means?

Adam Kadmon
Cambridge, Massachusetts

House action on Colombian drugs

To the editors:

Tad Szulc's article "Colombian Gold" (*TNR*, September 15) contained misinformation concerning my proposal to increase United States assistance to Colombia in the area of drug interdiction.

Contrary to the statement in the article that Congress has "done away" with my proposal, the House passed the Security Assistance *authorization* bill, which included my amendment, on March 28, 1979. The Senate then passed its version of the bill on May 22, which included an amendment introduced by Senator DeConcini (Democrat of Arizona) that similarly raised the funding level to $16 million. On September 5, the Foreign Assistance *appropriation* bill passed the House with my amendment to raise the level of aid to $16 million.

Benjamin S. Rosenthal
House of Representatives
Washington, DC

Participatory foreign policy

To the editors:

In your editorial "Blacks and the PLO" (*TNR*, September 1 & 8) you state: "The facile equation of the American civil rights movement with the PLO's cause is the sort of oversimplification that comes easily to those unfamiliar with the murky complexities of the Middle East."

This statement is an outrage and an insult. You must have a lofty perch indeed if you can decide who may or may not understand American foreign policy. Whenever any policy directly affects us, we blacks have as much a right as any group to try to influence it. This is particularly true of the Middle Eastern situation, which we repeatedly have been told could lead to war.

Then you speak of "narrow economic considerations" taking precedence over "moral concerns," implying that blacks are only concerned about their pocketbooks. You fail to understand that it is precisely because we see the Palestinian

(continued on page 40)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more than bad drivers are an argument for banning cars. Freedom has its hazards, but they are more tolerable than restrictions on freedom. No reasonable case can be made to treat the pleasures and pitfalls of marijuana and cocaine differently from those of alcohol. We hope reason will soon prevail.

The Human Comedy

George Will on "Agronsky and Company," September 15:

> This was much more dramatic, really, than that little episode at the end of Nixon's presidency when Johnny Rhodes, and Goldwater, and Hugh Scott went down—three Republican leaders—and said, you have to go. The die had already been cast by then. This time, the Democrats shook the die and cast them.

From an ad for the Simon Wiesenthal Center in Los Angeles, in *Newsweek*:

> **The Multimedia "Holocaust Experience"**
>
> All the Wiesenthal Center's educational and outreach programs share a common goal: that an awareness and understanding of the inhumanity of times past will prevent mankind from repeating atrocities like the Holocaust. To this end, we are developing the multi-media "Holocaust Experience," a truly unprecedented undertaking that utilizes five screens, 28 movie and slide projectors, and pentaphonic (five-source) sound to dramatize the experience and lessons of the Holocaust.

White House Watch

A Touch of Oil

Jimmy Carter's new efficiency man at the White House, staff director Alonzo McDonald, was interviewed for a September 17 telecast by Jim Lehrer of PBS's "MacNeil-Lehrer Report." Reading the transcript of the interview after three sessions of my own with McDonald, I bled for Lehrer. He spent many minutes trying to screw out of McDonald some specific accounts of what he was doing for Carter and the White House operation. The most that Lehrer could elicit was that McDonald and his immediate boss, chief of staff Hamilton Jordan, talked each morning at the start of their day's work about energy legislation, about getting the second strategic arms limitation treaty ratified, and about "items related either to the economy or to inflation." McDonald also acknowledged to Lehrer, with a pain you could see pulsing out of the transcript, that he and Jordan and other senior White House assistants are trying to improve the preparation of position papers for the President. They are trying to make "sure that the papers are on time and that those who should be participating in them, or should have seen them, or should be signing on them have had a chance to do so, without them [the papers, one hopes, not the people] just sitting around some place; and we want to make sure that those individuals who have particular assignments know about them, know when they are expected to perform, and are on target."

Before getting to this reporter's somewhat more fruitful experience with McDonald in terms of specifics—more fruitful only because Lehrer's job doesn't keep him around the White House as mine does—a general observation is required. It is utterly pathetic, it is revealing of much that has been wrong with the Carter White House operation, that an Al McDonald should have had to be brought into the White House to do the things he says he's trying to do 32 months after Carter assumed the presidency. Very incidentally, it also is a reflection upon me as a reporter assigned to the White House that the defects noted and the needs detected by McDonald should not have been adequately set forth in this space before he arrived. The fault probably is attributable to a quality that I've suffered from since I reported Boss Ed Crump's Memphis city hall and the Tennessee legislature in 1927-28. Scoundrels abounded and I favorably reported on most of them. I prefer to believe until proved wrong in the capacity and good faith of public servants, Presidents included. Good faith is not involved here. The capacity of leading officials to recognize and provide what is required for the public service is involved. Carter has been mighty late in getting around to that. At the end of a discussion of McDonald's presence and contributions at the White House, a senior assistant said mournfully that the operation is improving but that it will take at least four months for perception of improvement to seep through the media to the voters who will decide whether Carter gets a second term. Four months is this assistant's estimate of the time it takes for we'uns of the media to grasp what's actually happening and convey it to the public.

Alonzo McDonald is desperately and, from his standpoint, wisely anxious that his role be underestimated—an attitude that, as he says in enormous understatement, is not common to public figures. He's anxious because he doesn't want the people he's working with to think he's trying to take over their functions, turf, and, within the White House community, glory. "As I look at my job," he told Jim Lehrer, "I'm just a little touch of oil on a machine that's running." In the context he evidently meant or meant to be taken to mean a machine that is being run well by "superb" people. He wants it believed that he's there only to help these people do a better job than they've been doing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Doing what, and doing it better in what ways? Here from a recent interview are scattered remarks that could indicate that McDonald is a wildly confused person. He isn't. In my judgment and in that of White House people who have worked with him, he is a formidably integrated and at the same time likable and open person. McDonald speaking to a reporter who had said he was hearing specific accounts of what McDonald was doing: "You are not going to see much that you can individually attribute to me. If you do, then I'm going to be disappointed because my intention is to make sure that the superb people here really do have all the help and support we can provide." And: "You'll see my hand in so many things that it's unbelievable. But I touch them so lightly, I hope, that I don't leave fingerprints many times, so that to identify them with me would be to do a disservice to the people who are bearing the dominant load. In other cases you'll see me pushing and shoving. But there again the main burden is being carried by others."

Most reports about McDonald have dealt with his moving approximately 80 staff bodies from office to office within the White House complex, so that assistants doing the same or related things would be workably near each other. He also has been interlocking senior and sub-senior staff meetings so that they mesh with each other and with the President's needs. That phase is about over. Here are reportable traces of fingerprints that McDonald tried not to leave, mostly from officials who probably have been told by now to keep their mouths shut.

Hendrik (Rick) Hertzberg and his staff of Carter speech writers report to Jordan and McDonald, mostly to McDonald, since imagist Gerald Rafshoon returned to private endeavor. What to do with the speechwriting staff has been an embarrassment since Rafshoon's departure was decided. Press Secretary Jody Powell turned the supervision of speech writing over to Rafshoon because Powell admittedly had neither the time nor inclination to perform it adequately. Simply returning it to Powell obviously would be an invitation to laughs. There is something about Carter, who is a greater recluse in many ways than Richard Nixon was, that obstructs direct and frequent contact between him and his speech writers. The current McDonald solution is probably the best available. McDonald understands, as no President since Nixon has, that direct communication between a President and his staff writers is essential if the President is to make his major addresses the instruments of policy expression and formulation that Nixon made them and no subsequent President has. "I'm no wordsmith," McDonald says. He reviews but he does not edit speech drafts. His concern is with the occasion, the substance, and the thrust of major Carter speeches. Hertzberg welcomes his advent.

McDonald straightened out the confusion over the President's intentions for his proposed Energy Mobilization Board that Stephen Chapman discussed in this journal's previous issue. The President's intentions never were as confused as a memo to him from EPA administrator Douglas Costle, Interior secretary Cecil Andrus, and Council of Environmental Quality chairman Gus Speth indicated when it was circulated to congressmen and published. It was the distribution and publication by leak, not the memo as such, that infuriated concerned Carter assistants and, when McDonald and Hamilton Jordan took the memo to him, infuriated Carter. The question was how much authority to override environmental laws and regulations Carter wanted his proposed EMB to have. Carter told Andrus, Costle, and Speth in a sharp marginal note to leave that to him and stop confusing congressmen with their views. The point is that McDonald got into it to support Jordan first in telling Carter that here was a serious instance of agency indiscipline and of resultant confusion on the Hill, and second that the President had to do something about it. Carter's note on the margin of the three-agency memo was supposed to have dealt with the problem. Working-level White House assistants concerned with it understand that McDonald got on the telephone and really dealt with it. He says only that "I had a number of telephone conversations but I will not confirm what you have heard." He affirms that such displays of policy disarray enrage him and that he hopes to stop them.

McDonald also was involved, more deeply than he wants known, in organizing the US discussions that led to an agreement with the Mexican government on US purchases of Mexican natural gas. Those preliminaries engaged him with domestic adviser Stuart Eizenstat, our new energy secretary Charles Duncan, the State Department, and NSC. It's one of the few recent situations requiring close White House and departmental coordination that McDonald admits to being substantially involved with. His restraint and attitude are such that a reporter has to quote what he said to McDonald in order to make his reply meaningful.

Reporter: "My principal informant on this matter tells me that you saw to it that the problem was adequately analyzed; that the right people were consulted and that the right options were laid out to the President; and that, once a reasonably flexible position [on price] was agreed, you had a great deal to do with making sure that the right people made the right telephone calls and made the right decisions at the right time."

McDonald (in obvious pain): "Well, I did follow those developments. I did try to make sure that they moved along in an appropriate way toward the right decisions without trying to influence what that decision would be." The decision, oversimplified, was to offer the Mexican government less than it had demanded and more than the prevailing world price for natural gas. The result is that Americans will be paying more for natural gas next year than they have been paying but maybe no more than they'd have had to pay anyhow.

McDonald coordinated and accelerated the process

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that led to this decision. He says he had no part in the decision itself. A capacity for decision is what Jimmy Carter has to convey to the electorate. I'm glad that Jimmy's new efficiency man is there. Watch him.

John Osborne

Realpolitik, European-style.

She Stoops for Oil

London

It's fashionable on the right in both Europe and the United States these days to brand Western Europe as "decadent" because of its reluctance to become a unified world power, its tendency to accommodate (or "appease") OPEC and the Arabs, and its preference for negotiating with the Soviet Union, rather than responding in kind to the Soviets' huge arms build-up.

For example, the neoconservative guru Irving Kristol thinks the nations of Western Europe have "opted out of the strenuous game of world politics in order to pursue the comforts of domestic life," making it now impossible to imagine a US-European "foreign policy of the free world." Kristol thinks that Europe is suffering from an advanced case of "social democratization," in which each nation's politics has degenerated into "a fierce internal struggle for advantage between proliferating interest groups," and there is no time or will left for world involvement. Even France, Kristol wrote in a paper prepared for Georgetown University's recent conference on NATO, "merely indulges in the rhetoric of national pride and power, but in international affairs engages only in independent strategies of appeasement."

In a similar vein, columnist George Will last month approvingly quoted the French public philosopher Raymond Aron as declaring Europe "decadent" because it has become "one of the world's three or four centers of industrial power, but . . . is incapable of defending itself." And in Germany, right-wing politicians are attacking the Social Democratic government for its failure to increase defense spending by a promised three percent above inflation, and for its drift toward endorsement of the political demands of the Palestine Liberation Organization. Conservative leader Franz Josef Strauss, who is running to unseat Social Democratic chancellor Helmut Schmidt, is accusing the government of knuckling under to Arab oil pressure. One of Strauss's Bavarian political associates says Germany is practicing "the politics of cowardice."

This rhetoric obscures Europe's real predicament. Unlike the United States, which traditionally has paid little attention to international economics, European foreign policy is driven primarily by economic considerations. European unity exists almost exclusively on the economic level. There is little basis for concerted political action and none at all for military action except in the unlikely event of a Soviet invasion. Europe seems not so much decadent—that is, overdeveloped, soft, and in morbid decline—as adolescent. It has grown up economically and is now independent of—even a rival of—the United States. Politically, though, it has barely found its legs, and militarily it is still our ward. The one exception is France, which left the fold nearly 20 years ago to pursue its own way—which it has done cynically, with little regard for anything but its own interest. The other countries of Western Europe, while economically mature, can still be politically misguided by their French brothers or frightened by Arab or Soviet bullies. American strength and leadership still are necessary to bolster the continent, but there is danger that we might reject or abandon our role.

A Middle East policy is a prime example. Led by France instead of the United States, the Europeans gradually but steadily have been shifting their Mideast policies in a pro-Arab direction. Formerly a solid supporter of Israel, France switched sides abruptly after the 1967 Middle East war, cutting off weapons sales to Israel and plying its trade in the turbulent, lucrative Arab market instead. After the Soviet MiG, the French Mirage is the mainstay of Arab air forces. France also has systematically sought out special oil concessions from Arab producers, most lately from Iraq, which is believed to be on the verge of rewriting its oil contracts to exclude companies that sell to Israel. As part of its increasingly cozy relationship with Iraq, France reportedly is supplying that radical Arab country with nuclear power facilities and enriched uranium. It also is furnishing equipment and advisers for new oil exploration in Iraq and, of course, selling arms. France has semi-officially recognized the Palestine Liberation Organization, and there are reports in London that it is on the verge of taking Spain's recent example and extending full diplomatic privileges to the PLO.

All this is of a piece with other instances of French cynicism. It was the French oil company Total that served as the transmission line for oil to reach Rhodesia in defiance of international sanctions. France provided a home for the Ayatollah Khomeini while he conducted his revolution in Iran. And for 14 years France supported the murderous rule of Emperor Bokassa of Central Africa, in return for uranium, deposing him only when unimpeachable evidence emerged that he had helped butcher 100 innocent schoolchildren (and also hung up on President Valery Giscard d'Estaing during an angry phone call).

France has been convinced from the outset that the Camp David peace process is doomed to failure, and has been trying to wriggle for advantage in advance of the collapse. Instead of supporting Camp David as the only peace process now alive, or alternatively allowing it to work or fail on its own, France can be said to be actively

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

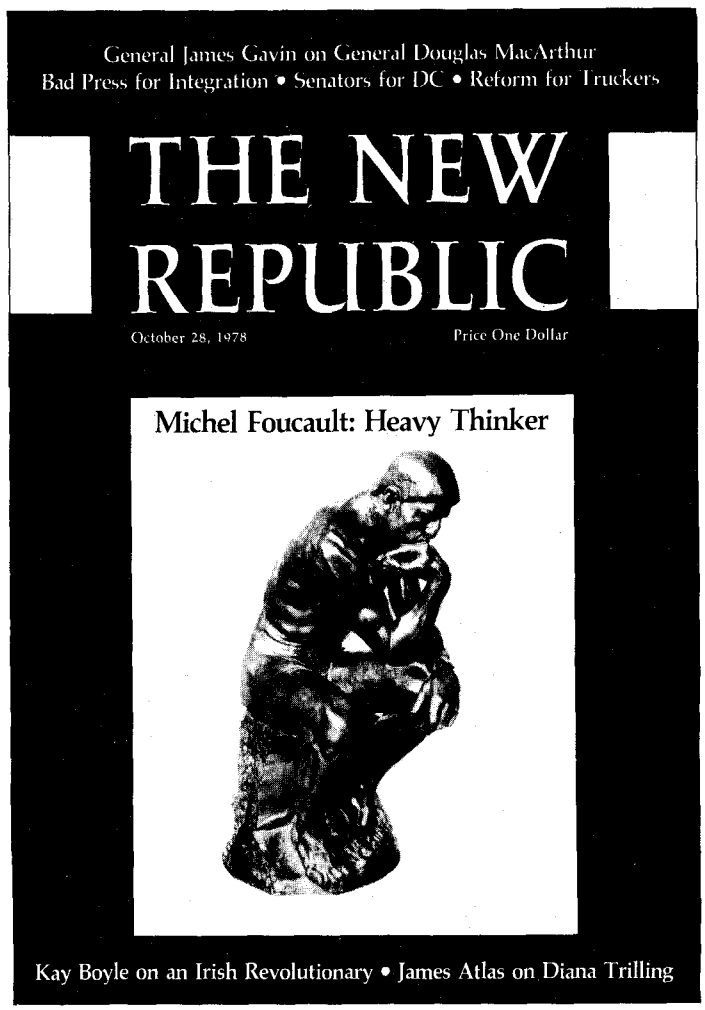
Give the best to your best and brightest.

The best writers

The best thinkers

The best of politics

The best of the arts


General James Gavin on General Douglas MacArthur
Bad Press for Integration • Senators for DC • Reform for Truckers
THE NEW REPUBLIC
October 28, 1978
Price One Dollar
Michel Foucault: Heavy Thinker
Kay Boyle on an Irish Revolutionary • James Atlas on Diana Trilling

In many families, **The New Republic** is a tradition that has been passed on from generation to generation. We know of some families in which there are today four generations of subscribers to **The New Republic**. In one of these families, the senior member first subscribed to **TNR** when he was a sophomore at Harvard in 1915, and has been subscribing ever since. He gave it to *his* daughter when she was at Berkeley during the Depression. She gave it to *her* son at Chicago during the Fifties. Now his *son* at Vassar and yes, his *daughter* at Yale are receiving and reading **The New Republic** too. A family reunion is almost like a *New Republic* reunion. Intelligent people exchanging ideas intelligently. Concerned citizens. Idealists and realists in the enterprise of life. Don't you have a child or grandchild, niece or nephew, or simply some young friend who'd enjoy getting and reading **TNR** at school? From generation to generation, **The New Republic** is a tradition worth passing on.

Continue that tradition. Give a student **you** know a gift subscription to **The New Republic** and you'll be sending a gift of ideas that keeps on giving week after week—for only 35¢ an issue. You'll save 30% off our regular subscription rates, and **The New Republic**'s timely and stimulating editorials, articles, and reviews will keep your favorite students on top of what's going on in the "real world"—beyond the ivory towers. **TNR** will keep them thinking, talking—and thanking you—throughout the year. Whether it's politics or economics, film, music, or the arts, **The New Republic** is the ideal supplement to the learning that's going on inside the classroom.

To order, please use the attached order card or write:

The New Republic
P.O. Box 705
Whitinsville, Mass. 01588

THE NEW REPUBLIC—every issue is an education in itself.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

working to undermine it. While Camp David calls for deciding the political future of the West Bank Palestinians in negotiations among Israel, Egypt, Jordan, and the Palestinians themselves, France has been promoting an end-run leading directly to an independent Palestinian state governed by the PLO. As President Carter undiplomatically blurted out one day, moderate Arab leaders don't want a radical PLO state in the West Bank, despite what they say in public. They might well prefer a Palestinian entity federated with Jordan. But France has been systematically pushing the PLO's case, leading to the conclusion that France is aligning itself not just with the Arabs, but with the most radical Arabs. The French say—when selling arms, for example—"Better we should do it than the Russians." But the American peace initiative is being damaged all the same.

Why is France doing this? The most charitable explanation is that it sincerely expects Camp David to fail and wants an alternative peace approach to be available when this happens. Another explanation is that France historically has played an important role in the Middle East and wants to do so again. This would fulfill France's yearning for grandeur and also give it an opportunity to displace the United States as leader of the West. France has continuously sought—and lately with increasing success—to pull the rest of Europe away from alignment with the US on Middle East policy. It is also trying to get a new "dialogue" started between Europe and Arab oil producers, presumably to secure adequate supplies in case the Arabs choose to employ their oil weapon against the US. All of Europe obviously would benefit from such an arrangement, but France would benefit most of all. It gets 70 percent of its oil imports from the Arabs, the largest proportion of any major European country.

In the past, other European countries have resisted French efforts to pull them toward the Arabs. During the 1973 Middle East war, France supported the Arabs, but Germany permitted the US nearly to denude NATO's central front of tanks and other equipment in order to resupply Israel. Germany raised no obstruction as the arms were shipped out through the port of Bremerhaven, though afterward it made noisy objections to soothe the Arabs. The Netherlands made itself a specific target of the 1973 oil boycott by supporting Israel, and Portugal (though only Portugal) permitted US airplanes to land on its territory on their way to the Middle East.

When the Camp David peace agreement was concluded, many European governments were skeptical that an Egypt-Israel settlement would produce a wider peace, but most issued statements of support, even in the face of nearly unanimous hostility in the Arab world. During the year since Camp David, a tug-of-war has occurred as members of the European economic community drafted joint statements in the Mideast. Holland and Britain (under its former Labour government) urged continued support for the US, while France, Italy, Belgium, and Ireland pulled in the Arab direction. Lately the balance has been shifting noticeably toward France. EEC statements have become increasingly critical of Israel and increasingly supportive of the PLO. Because the PLO refuses to recognize Israel's right to exist, the EEC majority has not yet openly recognized the PLO, but in Dublin last month, EEC foreign ministers did discuss a statement calling for the PLO to be brought into the Middle East peace process.

A shift also is taking place in the stances of individual EEC member governments. With the election of pro-business, export-minded Conservatives in England, Britain's position is expected to swing toward France's, where it was during the last Tory government. Germany's stance is shifting without any change of government. Out of guilt over the Jewish Holocaust, Germany has made special efforts in the past to support Israel and continues to give Israel $75 million in aid each year. But Germany's foreign minister, Hans-Dietrich Genscher, has paid several visits to Arab countries this year without stopping in Israel. A member of Parliament from Genscher's Free Democratic party conferred with PLO leader Yasser Arafat in Beirut, though the government denied the trip was authorized. German position papers, while purposely fuzzy, create an unmistakable impression of support for a Palestinian state. Genscher said last year, for example, that, "A peace settlement in the Middle East will be possible only if the legitimate rights of the Palestinian people to give effective expression to its national identity is translated into fact." Because West Germany is dedicated to "self-determination" for East Germany, diplomats say, Genscher is compelled to advocate the same for the Palestinians, though he does so rather more insistently for them than for, say, the Kurds. The drift of German policy caused Israeli foreign minister Moshe Dayan, on a visit to Bonn, to declare angrily that "there has been an obvious change of heart in Bonn." He said, "I fear that oil is the first German consideration."

German officials and intellectuals dispute Dayan's implication that their government is submitting to blackmail or practicing appeasement. But they do not really deny that oil is their first consideration. "Our policy has nothing to do with the oil weapon," said a high-ranking German diplomat. "All we want is peace in the Middle East. This is not appeasement. The existence of oil is a fact of life in the world, and the collapse of the oil supply would lead to the collapse of the West and would not help Israel. How can Israel get oil from the United States if the United States is not getting oil? Oil is really like a rock on which you stand. It's a fact." Another official said: "'appeasement' means you give concessions you might otherwise not give. It's not the right term. We haven't conceded our interests, but we have to get oil. Our interest is in peace and stability, and if we get oil as a bonus, is that so bad? There's no question that the weight of the Arabs is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

greater because of oil. The one flows into the other. You can't abstract what's political and what's economic."

The Germans are convinced—and so are many other Europeans—that peace, stability, and oil are all tied together, and that peace is not possible without Palestinian self-determination. They think that the Begin government in Israel will never grant self-rule to the Palestinians on any meaningful terms. As one German editor said, "Begin wants to take the West Bank into Israel. That's not right and we are against it. Auschwitz does not compel us to work for a greater Israel." It's also a widespread conviction in Europe that American Middle East policy is a prisoner of Jewish political power, which will prevent the US from forcing Begin to do what's necessary. So they are inexorably following France's lead in seeking an alternate solution which may lead to creation of a radical Palestinian state and no peace. But they hope they will somehow get their oil.

To an American, Europe's policy seems risky, short-sighted, frantic, and amoral. It is a foreign policy based on economics and governed by fear, quite the opposite of traditional American foreign policy, which has been based on ideology and bolstered, during most of the postwar era, at least, by military and economic strength. In Europe, foreign policy has been the servant of economic policy. Europe's colonial empires were based on a need for raw materials and were kept, basically, until they ceased to be cost-beneficial. European politics still is based primarily on trade, quotas, currency exchange rates, prices, and balances of payments. Jean Monnet's dream of a politically united Europe is still a dream. But even if the dream came true, the habit of centuries probably would dictate that foreign policy would serve economics. It is little wonder the Arabs have found that the way to Europe's head and heart is through its gas tank.

By contrast, the United State historically has been a self-contained market, little concerned with exports and imports. Marxists will argue that our foreign policies, wars, and imperial adventures were all economically determined, and they might be right with respect to Latin America and the Philippines. But the motivations in the heads of America's foreign policy leaders have been mainly political. World War II, the Marshall Plan, Korea, Vietnam, and Camp David all were about politics and power, not money. Foreign economic policy, when it's been thought about at all, has been primarily the servant of American foreign policy, not the reverse. When I asked an international banker recently about how closely economic and foreign policies were connected around the world, he said: "Only an American could think they were anything but identical." And a German editor said, "America has been so rich and powerful for so long, it's had the luxury to be moral."

Things are changing, and not for the better. We have let our military power slip, and our past inattention to exports and currency exchange rates has caused our economic power to decline, too. We have become so addicted to foreign oil that we are joining the Europeans in being "interdependent" with the Arabs. And we are discovering, as they've always known, that "interdependence" isn't just a nice word. The nuclear missile and the dollar, sorry to say, are meaningful symbols to the rest of the world. When they decline, relative to other nations' weapons and currencies, so does our political power. We will never restore ourselves to the status we had after World War II, when the US possessed all the world's nuclear weapons and half its wealth, but we have to do better than we have been doing.

If we want to influence Europe, we will have to protect it and its Persian Gulf oil sources. We will have to cut inflation, improve productivity and our ability to compete in world markets, reduce our oil dependency, and put value back into the dollar. Richness and power are the underpinnings of our ability to pursue a moral foreign policy, in the Middle East and everywhere else, and to persuade other countries to follow us. Europe is too weak, too politically disunited, to be the world's leader, but it can be led. It is being led, in fact, away from us, and if France and the Arabs can do it, so can the Soviet Union. If we don't do what we need to do to restore our leadership, it's not the Europeans who should be called decadent, but us.

Morton Kondracke

Forty years of hindsight on World War II.

The War Europe Lost

September 1939. For a few a searing memory. For most a dim recollection or a date in a history book. The Luftwaffe spreading death and destruction from the air, Hitler's Panzer divisions slicing through a hapless Poland. Britain and France, having refused a year earlier to help a defensible country, Czechoslovakia, come to the aid of an indefensible one. World War II is under way.

Forty years have passed, and yet the event has not been put into perspective. We are still uncertain as to what it means. Young Germans, not even born when the war began, are only now learning the truths that their elders preferred not to think about, learning of the Holocaust from a commercial television program. The evil that was once unspeakable has now become historic and, judging from the current spate of books and films about Hitler, dramatically entertaining.

Unlike World War I, which was fought entirely in Europe and whose consequences were largely confined

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there, the second war was truly a world war, one that undermined the authority of the vanquished European states and broke their imperial hold on the colonial world. In this sense the consequences of the war were at least as great, perhaps greater, outside Europe as within. A world centered on Europe and defined in terms of it—the "Near East," the "Far East," the "New World"—shifted in perspective as Europe's hold on its colonies and clients was broken.

The demise, or at least the precipitous decline, of Europe itself as a power center and arbiter of the world's destiny was an event few could have predicted. Hitler's attempt to unify the continent in a Pax Germanica had cataclysmic consequences. It made Europe the instrument of the two victorious flanking powers, America and Russia, and destroyed the political and moral authority of the European state system. Europe, having been the predatory power, became the quarry, the object of others' diplomacy rather than the prime mover. One of the great unintended effects—and surely one of the most ironic—of World War II was to end the hegemony of Europe in the very act of trying to assert it.

Europe may rise again as a political power. But it will be in very different form. And such revival can find its impetus only in an attempt to regain what has so incontestably been lost—lost not only to America and Russia, but, as hardly needs to be underlined, to colonial areas Europe once held in thrall. This condition has become so accepted that few anymore think it remarkable that the value of the pound sterling should be dependent on Arab deposits in British banks.

Although Europe indeed lost much as a result of World War II, it gained a great deal—perhaps even more on balance. It gained liberation from its own colonies; liberation from the costly and often bloody pursuit of empire; liberation from the deadly rivalries of a state system perpetually out of balance because a unified Germany was simply too big and too powerful to contain. One of the few happy results of the war was the division of Germany, a division that solved the problem, temporarily at least, of how it would be possible to create a European balance Germany would neither dominate nor try to overturn. This development, most Germans would agree, has been as desirable for them as for their neighbors. It has provided an answer to the dilemma first posed a century ago when Bismarck created a Reich under Prussian dominance. What was achieved by the sword in 1870 was undone by the sword in 1945.

Thus it can be said that the result of World War II, unintended though it may have been, was to save Europe from itself. Europe, as a political entity, lost the war it had brought on itself. America and Russia expanded to a global scale in quest of a balance that was no longer possible to maintain within Europe itself. The successor powers, America and Russia, not only gained control over Europe, but to protect their newfound role also developed a vested interest in the continued division of Europe. A divided Europe is of no harm to either superpower. A unified Europe, either allied to one of them or standing between them, represents an enormous and potentially threatening change in the world political balance.

Thus, looking back from the perspective of 40 years, we can see World War II not only as a human tragedy, as all wars are, but as a political lesson. The war itself resulted from the attempt to resolve the German question. This problem had been left hanging ever since the Treaty of Versailles 20 years earlier, in 1919. World War I, for all its carnage, resolved nothing. It neither gave Germany the mastery of Europe, as the Kaiser and his generals hoped, nor removed Germany's power to seek that mastery once again. It could be argued that, if the United States had not entered the European war in 1917, the Allies would have been obliged to agree to a compromise peace giving Germany hegemony over Eastern Europe. Such a compromise in turn probably would have allowed Kerensky's parliamentary regime to have survived in Russia and avoided the conditions within Germany that allowed Hitler to come to power in 1933.

A concern with the European power balance is what brought the United States into the Second World War, as into the first one. That concern was twofold, although we tend to forget the second part. It was, first, that Europe not fall under the control of an aggressive power hostile to the United States; and, second, that Europe not be dominated by *any* single power. The reason for the second concern is simply that a unified Europe with a single political will inevitably would have needs and ambitions different from, and even hostile to, those of the United States.

The sadistic brutality and maniacal racial practices of Nazi Germany gave a moral patina, so far as Britain and America were concerned, to what was essentially a dynastic conflict. The United States, like Britain, was not drawn into World War II because it found Nazi evil insupportable. Had Hitler confined his genocide within the German frontiers fixed at Versailles, the democratic nations would have done no more to stop him than they did to stop his latter-day admirer, Idi Amin. Rather it was his attempt to overturn the European balance by force, to gain control of the continent, that brought Britain and France, and ultimately the United States and Russia, into belated alliance against him.

Thus it is worth remembering that the last European war, whose 40th anniversary we note this fall, was not about freedom versus slavery, but about more mundane considerations of the balance of power. The character of the Nazi regime, appalling and inhuman though it was, was not the question at issue. The question was whether that regime should be allowed to impose its authority by force of arms upon all of Europe. When that objective moved from the abstract to the verge of attainment, the United States set up the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conditions by which it was drawn into the European war.

It is well to remember anniversaries like the current one, but there is danger in overdrawing or misunderstanding their significance. World War II is not the cold war. Soviet Russia is not Nazi Germany. Angola is not republican Spain. History does not repeat itself. The person who overlearns its "lessons" is condemned to relive its chastisements. Conditions change, and so do alliances. If, as Palmerston said, nations have no allies, only interests, the definition of those interests changes with time and circumstance.

What happened on the plains of Poland 40 years ago represented the last attempt to resolve the German problem within a strictly European context. It was a "world" war only as a result of its unintended consequences. That situation cannot recur because Europe has lost the mastery of its fate—precisely as a result of that war for the mastery of Europe. The slogans of World War II—"appeasement," "isolation," "neutrality"—are of no more value today than that war's antiquated tanks and Flying Fortresses.

Ronald Steel

Ronald Steel's biography of Walter Lippmann will be published next year by Atlantic Monthly Press.

Politics

How Ted Got Drafted

One of the compensating advantages of the tortuous process by which we nominate presidential candidates is the satisfaction it affords. Those who like to see experts with egg on their faces never are disappointed during presidential campaigns. The first piece of universally accepted expertise to be proved wrong for 1980 is that there can be no such thing as a genuine draft in the era of open primaries and caucuses. The candidacy Senator Kennedy seems on the verge of announcing was not forced upon him wholly against his will. But without the efforts of the draft-Kennedy movement—a loose coalition of liberal union leaders and activists working absolutely independently of Kennedy and his staff—his presidential candidacy, which seemed unlikely in April, would hardly seem so inevitable in October.

Early this spring, a group of liberal Democrats believed that Kennedy's changed personal attitude, combined with his great popularity, made his presidential candidacy possible. But they realized as well that without a concerted effort to capitalize on these factors, that candidacy would not materialize. They launched a draft effort because they understood that Kennedy himself wouldn't be the one to set that process in motion, either by acting directly or by encouraging people closely identified with him. Furthermore they knew that the success of Kennedy's presidential race might depend on his manner of entering it. They knew he had to be drafted, and they knew he had to appear to be drafted.

By early 1979 it was clear that Kennedy was not running for president. It also was clear that he was not not-running, either. And not-running for president is something Kennedy knows very well how to do. His decisions to stay out of the 1972 and 1976 elections were bigger stories than anyone else's decision to enter them, and he made those decisions unmistakably clear early in the process. His statements of expected support for President Carter in 1980 were not nearly so clear. But they were not a sham. By 1979 Kennedy no longer felt constrained by personal factors to eschew the presidency, but the existence of a Democratic candidate for reelection presented him with a very significant political obstacle.

Simply by declaring his candidacy any time in 1979, Kennedy would have become the favorite for the nomination. But he simultaneously would have created a much tougher problem for the final election. The response to such a self-launched candidacy is easy to conjure up. The charges of ruthlessness and arrogance that plagued his brother Robert would have come from across the spectrum. Carter supporters would have portrayed him as an ambitious party-wrecker, unfairly using inherited political support to take advantage of an embattled president. Particularly in the white South, but elsewhere as well, these charges would have hurt.

And I suspect—though with no first-hand knowledge—that Kennedy himself had doubts about the propriety of projecting himself into a race against Carter. The brand of complete cynicism that can become the most blinding form of naiveté holds that politicians consult only their self-interest in making decisions of this sort. But the nature of Kennedy's Senate career strongly suggests that he would honestly worry about the damage a divisive candidacy would do to the causes that concern him. In any case, whether or not such high-minded considerations governed Kennedy's actions, I know—and here I do speak as a participant—that they dictated the actions of the draft-Kennedy groups.

The serious effort to persuade Kennedy to run for president probably began with the 1978 midterm Democratic convention at Memphis. The narrow White House victory at Memphis over the resolution calling for great federal spending for social and economic purposes confirmed two things: President Carter was significantly more conservative than the traditional Democratic position on domestic policy; and he had failed to pull the base of the party to the right with him. That a sitting president barely avoided repudiation by his own party's convention on a basic issue, after an all-out lobbying effort, meant that the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ideological basis for a challenge existed.

It is particularly significant that the split came over this gut domestic issue. Dissent at Memphis was not over busing or affirmative action or abortion or foreign policy. The liberal-labor coalition that came apart in 1967 fighting one Democratic president came together 10 years later to fight his Democratic successor. Many of the leaders of the anti-Carter position at Memphis—William Winpisinger and the Machinists, Leon Shull of ADA, Michael Harrington of the Democratic Socialists—stayed together informally to work for a Kennedy candidacy. When Carter then submitted the most conservative budget offered by a Democratic president since World War II, these and other liberals became convinced that an alternative Democratic candidate was a necessity.

This did not lead to unanimous agreement on Kennedy as that candidate. For much of early 1979, liberals sat around and asked one another who they could support as a progressive challenger to Carter. Kennedy was obviously the preferred choice, but no one knew if he would run, nor did anyone have any way of finding out. Some thought it was a mistake to enlist the troops on behalf of a reluctant standard-bearer. This, plus uneasiness about Kennedy among some women's groups, and the inevitable lack of agreement about anybody or anything to be found in any ideologically motivated group, might have led to a focus on some other candidate, except for one problem: no one could think of any.

The one willing Carter challenger, Governor Brown, had almost no support among these groups. Especially after his inauguration day embrace of a constitutional amendment for a balanced federal budget, mention of Brown generally served only to provoke rare kind words for Carter in these circles.

There were political figures for whom many of the dissidents felt respect and affection, such as Morris Udall and John Culver. But no one involved in the effort to challenge Carter for the Democratic nomination felt that these men would have any chance of success. And while some individual ADA leaders, the political arm of the Machinists, and other liberals talked strategy in Washington, spontaneous pro-Kennedy groups were sprouting around the country—particularly in such key early states as New Hampshire, Florida, and Iowa.

By April, a consensus had emerged around the difference between Kennedy's adamant non-candidacy of 1972 and 1976, and his less categorical position in 1979. The drafters decided to assume that Kennedy would be willing to challenge Carter if he were genuinely drafted to do so. Precisely because of the breadth of Kennedy support, there was never one draft-Kennedy organization, and many of those most active in the effort never met each other. But there were overlapping informal conversations and meetings among the major groups: the Machinists; ADA after its June endorsement; representatives Richard Nolan, Richard Ottinger, Pete Stark, and Edward Beard; Victor Kamber and his allies; and the various state groups, especially those in Florida, Iowa, and New Hampshire. They decided against forming any one organization which might force Kennedy to respond prematurely, and trigger more restrictive federal election law rule. Instead, all of the nationally based groups kept beating their own drums, while offering as much assistance as they could muster to the draft-Kennedy groups in the key state. Thus, for example, Massachusetts ADA agreed to raise funds for the work of Dudley Dudley and Joanne Symons in New Hampshire, while New York Kennedy supporters raised money for Kennedy supporters in the upcoming Florida convention. The Machinists were deeply involved in Iowa, as well as in the other states.

While the drafters did their work, outside events helped them. The economic downturn and the prospect of skyrocketing home heating costs further weakened Carter, as did his extraordinarily inept and politically damaging handling of the Andy Young affair. Whatever doubts Kennedy himself had about the moral legitimacy of his challenge to Carter had to erode as Carter's own performance made his reelection seem less and less likely.

The biggest boost to the draft-Kennedy effort in the early summer almost certainly came from other Democratic office-holders, particularly in Congress. Sympathy for Carter's political troubles in 1978 has turned by 1979 into a growing fear that his problem is highly contagious. By June 1979 it was clear that many Democratic senators and congressmen dreaded running in 1980 on a Carter ticket. The pleas addressed to Kennedy by ideological liberals to do battle for his political values were now greatly reinforced by the calls for political help from his colleagues.

By summer the view was widely shared that a Kennedy presidential candidacy stood in roughly the same relationship to liberal Democrats as the Seventh Fleet to the Vietnamese boat people. In April I heard one senator from the far West and farther right tell a fellow conservative that their chances to beat Frank Church for reelection were reasonable if Carter ran again, but would be very slim if Kennedy headed the Democratic ticket.

The final factor putting pressure on Kennedy was that he was being thrust into the race willy-nilly. It's true that in most states a candidate cannot be placed on the presidential primary ballot against his or her will. But in almost every state there is a way for an unwilling candidate's partisans to make some show of support. In caucus states, the candidate's permission is not needed. In some primary states, write-ins are technically and politically possible. In others, formally uncommitted slates can announce and campaign on their allegiance to a particular candidate. With the Florida convention approaching, and Iowa and New Hampshire not too far behind, Kennedy faced the prospect of having his presidential appeal tested in a haphazard way while he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was still professing support for Carter.

Of course Kennedy could have put an end to all this by another Shermanesque denial. But only the most absolutely worded refusal to run in 1980 would have headed off the burgeoning draft movement, fueled by a strong outpouring of rank and file support. Then, if Jerry Brown were to defeat Carter in a series of early primaries, or if some other political disaster beset our disaster-prone president, Kennedy would have found himself severely handicapped in responding.

Moreover, by August there could be no doubt in Kennedy's mind or anyone else's that the draft effort was genuine. Carter had moved significantly to the right domestically, without in any way increasing his chance for reelection; Democratic activists, union leaders, and his congressional colleagues all were pleading for his help. A refusal by Kennedy to run this year—making him, numerically, the Harold Stassen of non-candidates—may well have convinced people that he had finally abandoned any interest in the presidency.

The drafters seem to have succeeded in two important ways: Kennedy is about to become a candidate; and he does so in circumstances that make it very hard to paint him as a self-seeking party wrecker.

It is hard to see how he can be denied the nomination. The basic fact of the 1980 Democratic nomination contest is that Kennedy is the preferred candidate of the great majority of Democratic voters. This is what the polls say. In a traditional primary situation, polls can be undependable for two reasons. First, because candidates are generally not well known at the outset of the process, public opinion can be expected to change rapidly as the candidates increase their exposure. Second, given the erratic turnout rates of primary voters, a candidate supported strongly by a committed minority can overtake one with more desultory backing from a larger group of voters.

But in today's Democratic party neither factor is at work. Kennedy and Carter begin this race better known than many candidates are when they are nominated. The most committed supporters in this race—both in ideological fervor and in allegiance to their candidate—belong to Kennedy, not to Carter. Since economic conditions will get worse before they get better, and people are about to pay far more to heat their homes in the coming winter than they ever imagined possible, it is very hard to see how Carter can reverse Kennedy's big popular lead.

It's hard to imagine what successful strategy Carter can employ. One argument that is often available for the candidate who is opposed by his party's ideological core is that he has greater appeal to the moderate center as a candidate in the general election. The trouble confronting those who wish to use that argument on behalf of Jimmy Carter against Ted Kennedy is that no one believes it. After all, the widely held view among non-ideological Democratic officeholders that Kennedy is a far stronger candidate for November is one factor that helped persuade Kennedy to run.

From Kennedy's standpoint, November 1980 is not the best time to test his presidential chances. The fight for the nomination will add new political scars to those he already bears. And the public skepticism over federal government initiatives and concern about inflation offer the Republicans a natural campaign against him. But given the public mood about politicians in general today, it's probably not a good time for anyone to run for president. And somebody has to.

Barney Frank

Barney Frank is a representative to the Massachusetts State Legislature.

Grey Eminences, XI.

Mr. Liberal Republican

When Americans have wanted resolute action in Washington, they seldom have elected moderate Republicans. There is something unconvincing about that group, something empty and insubstantial. The most persistent among them, Henry Cabot Lodge, sounds typical enough: "I'm a conservative, like all of us, in the sense that I want to conserve the good things we have. I'm a liberal, like all of us, in the sense that I want to go on from there to even better things. I can't see that being a conservative excludes being a liberal." Most government officials survive by brains or clout, but Lodge seems to have done it by an unthreatening weakness, by a polished and well-bred vacuity. Has Henry Cabot Lodge ever made a remark you can remember? If not, that probably is the reason.

Lodge was brought up in the ponderous company of Bostonian writers and historians—such as Henry Adams, who in a light-hearted moment once told him that he looked like Saint Thomas Aquinas. Young Cabot's reaction against all this took the form of an admiration for military men and the soldierly virtues. His father may have been a poet, but the heroes of his life were practically martinets, men like George Patton and General McCoy, one of Teddy Roosevelt's comrades on San Juan Hill. This martial zeal became the salient characteristic of an otherwise flat personality.

During the interwar period, Lodge spent most of his summers training for the army reserves. Careful preparation and a famous name won him a Senate seat in 1936, at age 34, but the Senate turned out to be less agreeable than army life. Other Republican senators jeered at his formal clothing and pompous style, a style that even the British ambassador found hard to take. Bored with politics and partisanism, Senator Lodge gave absent-minded support to some progressive legislation—after all, it seemed popular in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Massachusetts and got people elected. The tag "liberal Republican" has stuck to him ever since.

World War II should have been Major Lodge's cue to switch careers. After a mission to North Africa and 18 months of "grave thought," he became the first senator since the Civil War to join up full time. He won plenty of medals and came back a little less stuffy and parochial, moving away from his old isolationism as fast as his constituency would allow. Reelected to the Senate, Lodge was promoted by the media as presidential material, but the junior senator from Massachusetts had a problem. When he tried to take over the Senate GOP, conservative midwesterners fended him off as though he scarcely existed. He couldn't even control Republicans on the Foreign Relations Committee. For the first of several times, his hollowness showed through.

He soon bobbed up again as titular head of the draft-Eisenhower movement. Having fought along with General Eisenhower on the European battlefields, he could make the kind of comradely appeal that no officer could ignore: it was Ike's duty as a soldier to rescue America. Perhaps that mission ended well for Eisenhower, but Senator Lodge's own position in Massachusetts was collapsing. His constituents must have known that he had taken almost no initiative since 1936, except to push foreign aid and arms expenditures. Beaten in 1952 by John F. Kennedy, he accepted the job of United Nations ambassador and left Washington with noticeable relief.

LODGE, HENRY CABOT, former senator, former govt. ofcl., author, lectr.; b. Nahant, Mass., July 5, 1902; s. George Cabot and Mathilda Elizabeth Frelinghuysen (Davis) L.; g.s. of late U.S. Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge; grad. Middlesex Mass. Sch., 1920; A.B., Harvard, 1924; LL.B., Northeastern U., 1938; D.C.L., Bishop's U., 1953; LL.D., Clark U., Norwich U., 1951, Hamilton Coll., Franklin and Marshall Coll., Boston U., 1953, Harvard, 1954, N.Y. U., Fordham U., Rensselaer Polytechnic Inst., 1955, Lehigh University, U. Pa., 1956, also Williams Coll., Union Coll., Boston Coll., Princeton, Adelphi U., Columbia, U. N.H., Notre Dame U., U. Mass., Am. U.; Docteur des Lettres, Laval Univ., m. Emily Sears, July 1, 1926; children—George Cabot, Henry Sears. With Boston Evening Transcript 1923, N.Y. Herald Tribune, 1924; mem. Mass. Gen. Court, 1933-36; elected to U.S. Senate from Mass., 1936, for term ending 1943; reelected, 1942, resigned to go into U.S. Army; reelected Nov. 5, 1946, for term ending Jan. 1953; U.S. rep. UN, 1953-60; director gen. The Atlantic Inst., 1961-62; U.S. ambassador to South Viet Nam, 1963-64, 65-67, ambassador at large, 1967-68; ambassador to Germany, 1968-69; personal rep. to head U.S. delegation to Vietnam Peace Talks, Paris 1969; spl. envoy to visit Vatican, 1970-77; vis. prof. Gordon Coll., 1977; Chmn. Presdl. Commn. for Observance of UN 25th Anniversary, 1970-71; mem. nat. council Salvation Army, 1976; campaign mgr. for nomination Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, 1952; nominated for v.p. Republican Party, 1960; bd. overseers Harvard. Active Res. Officer from 1925; maj. U.S.A., with 1st Am. Tank Detachment in Brit. 8th Army, Libya, 1942, Italy 1944; lt. col. So. France, Rhine and So. Germany, 1944-45; ret. maj. gen. Res. Decorated Bronze Star, Legion of Merit medal, 6 battle stars; Legion of Honor, Croix de Guerre (with palm) (France); Chevalier's cross Order of Polonia Restituta; Humane Order African Redemption (Liberia); Grand Cross of Merit (Malta); Nat. Order (Republic Viet Nam); recipient Distinguished Honor award State Dept.; Sylvanus Thayer medal West Point; Pres. Eisenhower's Gold Medal; unanimously thanked by U.S. Senate for Vietnam service, 1967. others. Author: The Storm Has Many Eyes, 1973; As It Was, 1976. First senator since Civil War to resign to enter U.S. Army. Address: 275 Hale St Beverly MA 01915. *Thomas Jefferson said that the most important single qualification for worldly "success" was good humor. I would rate physical stamina and a good clear head equally high. Nor can a full life (which surely must be included in any truthful definition of "success") be lived without ideals. The nation should be inspired by the ideals of the Declaration of Independence and of the Preamble to the Constitution; the individual, by the teachings of religion.*

(from *Who's Who in America*, 40th edition, 1978-1979.© 1978-1979, Marquis Who's Who, Inc.)

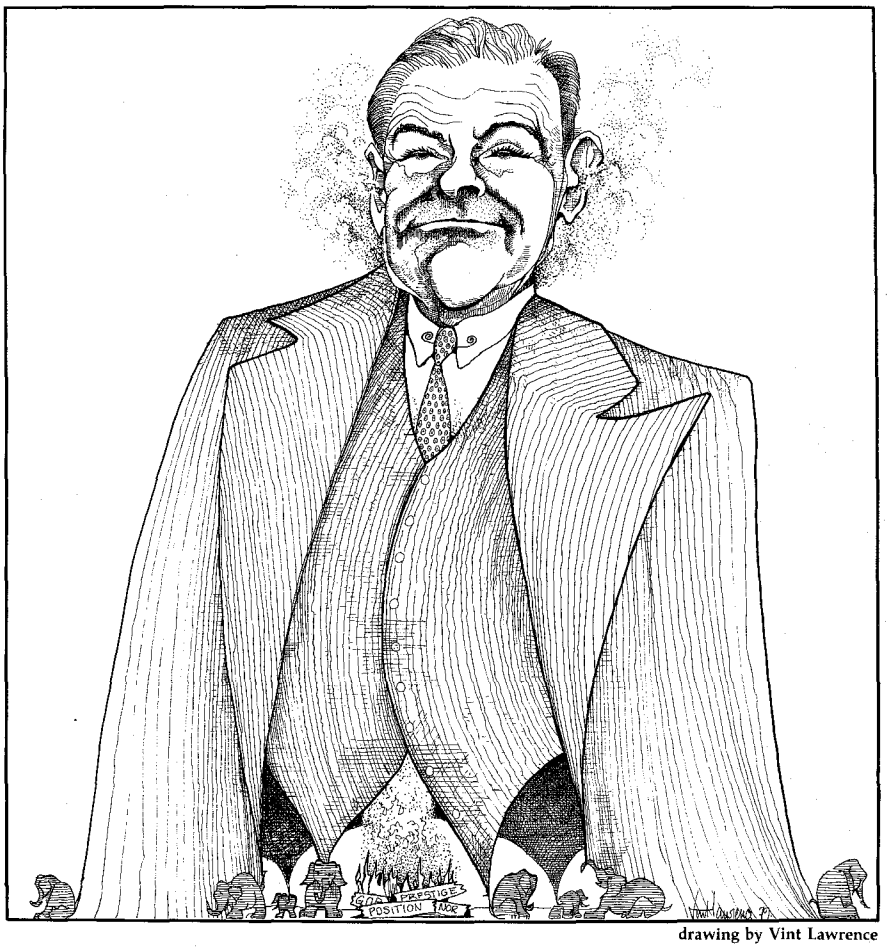
"American politics never interested me," he recalls. "I was offered a White House job [by Eisenhower] and I refused it because I didn't want to be involved in bureaucratic rows." Lodge felt qualified for the role of universal diplomat, above domestic disputes and partisan detail. As UN ambassador, he certainly carried on with great theatrical flair: one night during the Suez crisis, he swept over from an opera performance in white tie and tails to denounce Israel. Although his colleagues complained that he often preferred empty talk to practical results, no one could deny that Lodge tooks his speeches seriously. He liked to use combative rhetoric against Communists, comparing the French in Vietnam to an army of Spartans who were "fighting a modern Thermopylae—holding off the barbarian hordes who seek to impress free people into tyranny." He functioned less as a diplomat than as a global politician, the chief delegate from the Free World.

In fact, Lodge was something of a matinee idol by 1960. His televised UN appearances had become a popular alternative to the afternoon soap operas. If he and Nixon had won the election that year, no doubt Lodge would have made a perfect do-nothing vice president. His political frivolity had become almost surrealistic. Urging the defeated GOP to maintain a "patriotic opposition," he gave public support to the Democrats and began to issue a series of inane proposals: he called for a single American-European parliament, for a new US-British Commonwealth alliance, and for a giant "free world forum" of all non-communist nations. He also asked President Kennedy for a job, but it must not be thought that Lodge was an opportunist. He gladly accepted the ambassadorship to South Vietnam, a thankless task, because it called upon all of those personal traits he so admired: nonpartisan duty, a flair for propaganda, military bravado. Now a major general in the reserves, Lodge went to work in Saigon as a soldier-diplomat, his real vocation. It was the only civilian job to which he gave himself wholeheartedly.

Of course he still enjoyed the dramatic props. After breakfasting each morning on a mango or papaya, he would stick a .38 revolver into his shoulder holster and set out with bodyguards for the embassy. The threat of physical danger seemed to invigorate him. The United Nations had given Lodge some understanding of Asian nationalism. Nevertheless, he declared that at "this rough and dangerous stage, both for Vietnamese and for Americans, there is no substitute for force." He had faith in just wars, like Saint Thomas Aquinas, and Vietnamese politics bored him. So the rough and dangerous stage continued for another decade, with Ambassador Lodge backing every new escalation.

In 1964, the war was still popular enough for Lodge to cut a heroic figure, permitting the balloon of his fame to inflate again. It is typical of Lodge's elusiveness that his best moment in America occurred when he was halfway around the world. His presidential backers organized a campaign that stressed personal virtue

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



drawing by Vint Lawrence

rather than the issues—Lodge had no opinion on the issues—and he won a spectacular write-in victory in the New Hampshire Republican primary. For a while he looked like another Eisenhower, then the bubble popped. Republican delegates came to resent certain haughty remarks. "I don't see how Vietnam can be a part of this campaign," Lodge said in Saigon. "It involves the Eisenhower administration and the Kennedy and Johnson administration and the Truman administration. As a matter of fact, foreign policy often is not a good subject for politics." In that sense Goldwater was a credit to the GOP—at least he rejected the synthetic substitute for ideals offered by Lodge and Scranton, who stood only for a kind of updated *noblesse oblige*.

Lodge just could not shirk a duty. President Johnson sent him abroad on special missions to drum up international support for South Vietnam. And when US troops were sent over on a large scale, Lodge went over with them for a second tour as Saigon ambassador: "Something noble and brave is going on out there, and I am glad to have a part in it," he said. Two years later, he returned to a war-torn America, having declared the need for a GOP "Marshall Plan for our cities and schools,"—apparently in an attempt to rescue what was left of responsible Republicanism. But Johnson soon made him ambassador to West Germany and he moved to Europe.

Lodge retreated gradually and gracefully from public service. The Saigon regime welcomed his appointment as delegate to the Paris peace talks, though the job had little significance. The talks were mostly propaganda. Hanoi's refusal to compromise may have suited Lodge, for he was used to the broad sweep of accusation and counter-accusation. "You appear not to have grasped the spirit of President Nixon's inaugural address," he told the Communists, and he was right. This type of impasse, he now feels, characterized the whole war: "*They* didn't beat us. Nobody won it." Vietnam was a stalemate, for which Kissinger's solution was worth a long wait.

Lodge's retirement caused him to sink into a contemplative, 18th-century-style repose—dabbling in some literary recreations, such as a volume of memoirs, and acting as Nixon's ambassador to the pope. His memoirs reveal an amateurish approach to almost everything. Life, for Lodge, has been an enjoyable pastime, a matter of doing one's duty and avoiding overwork. Physical health, he says, is far more important than intellectual agility. And he abides by that belief to a rare degree. Lodge still resembles an aging TV star; this is his reward for a lifetime of morning exercise and afternoon naps.

He keeps himself abreast of current events, especially at the United Nations. His public approval of Andy Young might rate as an interesting opinion, except that he has equal admiration for Young's opposite: "I liked Moynihan too. The UN is a place for letting off steam. They both do it very well." In Washington, Lodge has created a final wave of irritation among conservatives by chairing an Americans for SALT committee. As on most issues, he takes a spacious view: "SALT provides a working arrangement with Russia to avoid war. I'm not interested in the details."

For the issues of GOP politics, he still shows little enthusiasm. Republicans like Lodge prefer to concentrate on foreign affairs, while paying lip service to domestic reform. Traditionally from the northeastern establishment, they worry more about southwestern impertinence than about right-wing ideology. George Bush, a survivor of their dying breed, is Lodge's choice to head the GOP ticket. And why? "For the simple reason that he is the best man. Just to think that without him we might nominate somebody like Connally or Reagan. . . ." Lapsing into a pained silence, Lodge leaves that sentence eloquently unfinished.

John Taft

John Taft is writing a book on American diplomats since World War II.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE
DUMB Q
ARE TH
YOU DO

It's one of Dana's principles of productivity.

When you don't ask questions because you're afraid to look dumb—that's dumb. And it's no way to run a business. But when you get people to ask questions, you'll also get to their ideas, and that's smart.

At Dana, we're open to questions. It's part of what we call humanistic management, giving people the freedom to work well, to grow and to share the rewards.

You can see the results in our productivity. It's doubled in the last 7 years.

Productivity alone doesn't produce profits. But we're balancing our output of parts for the vehicular, service and industrial equipment markets we manufacture for. So as well as increasing productivity, we've improved our earnings year after year.

And that's not bad for a bunch of people who ask a lot of questions.

Dana Corporation, Toledo, Ohio 43697.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

)NLY
ESTIONS
E ONES
N'T ASK.

PRODUCTIVE PEOPLE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Effects of War

Some footage of World War I battles, tinted blue. François Truffaut's face, bewhiskered under a poilu helmet, weary, coming closer through the battles. The film credits, surprinted on these shots.

Then a title tells us that the story we're going to see takes place in a French town about 10 years after the war in which millions were killed.

Then a close shot of old-fashioned lace curtains (clean, white, quiet, after the foregoing). An elderly maid crosses from left to right, quite close. Voices. She returns from right to left, leading in Truffaut in civilian clothes.

What simplicity. What control. This opening is typical of the way that Truffaut has made all of the *The Green Room*, and it confirms—reconfirms, as the airlines say—that there is no more fluent filmmaker working today. By now he has such ease and confidence that he seems almost a little ashamed of talent, as if the display of talent were a distraction—and this in spite of the fact that he himself is on the screen nearly the whole time in the leading role. The making of this picture is so reticently accomplished (there's one irrelevant iris shot as a Truffaut trademark), the recurrent lateral movements so gently encourage the flow and engagement, the angles and discoveries are so discreet, the performances are so keyed to dignified intimacy—and Nestor Almendros's cinematography is so well up to his usual excellence—that for the first hour or so, all is pleasure. That's about when unease begins to wear through.

The trouble with *The Green Room* is not like that in *The Marriage of Maria Braun*, the Fassbinder film discussed last week. With Fassbinder, some good acting and directing were expended on a finally incomprehensible script. Truffaut's script, written with his old collaborator Jean Gruault, is perfectly comprehensible: but it's unrewarding. In fact, though it's intended to be poetically mystic, it becomes faintly repellent. The screenplay is "based on themes from Henry James," principally from "The Altar of the Dead," with some chordal support from "The Beast in the Jungle." (I'd have preferred the emphasis the other way 'round.) The theme, here enacted by a shaken ex-soldier, is of a life spent in love of the dead, in trying to live with the dead; and it degenerates from the spiritual into the obsessive, neurotic, sickly. The real destiny, the emotionally logical destiny, for this James-Truffaut hero is not faced: it's the one that Faulkner gives to his protagonist in the best treatment of this macabre subject, "A Rose for Emily"—literally to sleep with the skeleton of the dead beloved.

The film wants to move toward an exaltation of purity, of fidelity beyond the flesh, in which the hero is eventually joined by a young woman (Nathalie Baye) who at first resists his ideas. But it's more like a disease that he finally gives her. Everything that color and editing and music can do to help the idea as poem and anguish is done; but it comes out necrophilia. (Truffaut's one deviation from seriousness is in the pictures on the walls of the chapel that his hero builds for his dead. If these are all friends whose deaths "live" with him, then why pictures of James himself, Proust, Wilde, Oskar Werner in his *Jules and Jim* uniform? Why Cocteau, who was still very much alive at the time of the story? It's all out of kilter, a touch of Truffaut's 1950s high jinks.)

It was a mistake, I think, for Truffaut to play the hero. (Whom he makes a journalist. As he showed in the Antoine Doinel films, Truffaut likes to fantasize about working in a newspaper/magazine office.) He's credible enough in what he says and does, though his face is not aging attractively, but he cannot supply the unspoken that the role should have. Charles Denner in the part, or Jean-Claude Brialy or Maurice Ronet, would not have made the film a success but would at least have taken it below the phenomenal to the implicit.

Still it's interesting that Truffaut chose this subject: paradoxically, it shows both his range and his circumscription. It's a new subject, yet in a way it's more about the same dark strands that have persisted in his only partially lyrical work. In many of his films, death and aberration are just below the surface of the charm. Here they are not buried at all, they are the focus. The hero, smitten by the war he survived, by the guilt he feels in his survival, can think of little other than death, particularly of his dead wife. It's Truffaut's frankest address so far to the shadows that haunt his work, but, despite its quietly superb execution, it comes out dank.

Two jokes about US soldiers in Britain in World War II. First: An Englishman says: "I'll tell you what's wrong with those Yanks. They're overpaid, oversexed, and over here." Second: An English farmer says: "I quite like some of those Yanks. They come to our place of an evening with beer, they help me and the missus with odd jobs, then we sit around and lift a few glasses and sing songs. Yes, quite nice. It's those others I can't stand, those white bastards. . . ."

Those two jokes—particularly the first—tacitly underlie *Yanks*, John Schlesinger's film about a small English town near a camp into which US forces pour in 1943, preparing for D-Day. It's a

(continued on page 40)

Films Worth Seeing

Apocalypse Now. No kind of moral statement on Vietnam, but a marvelously sensual rendering of the first psychedelic war.

Breaking Away. Small-town adolescents—sitcom made fresh by bright dialogue and perception of class barriers.

Monty Python's Life of Brian. How Brian Cohen, born the same time and place as Jesus, gets dragooned into being a messiah. Snakily irreverent (not truly blasphemous at all), sharp, fast, biting.

The Seduction of Joe Tynan. Good slices of political life, good acting, though plot—wife battles Other Woman for husband (a rising young senator)—is weary.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My Verdi

by David Schorr

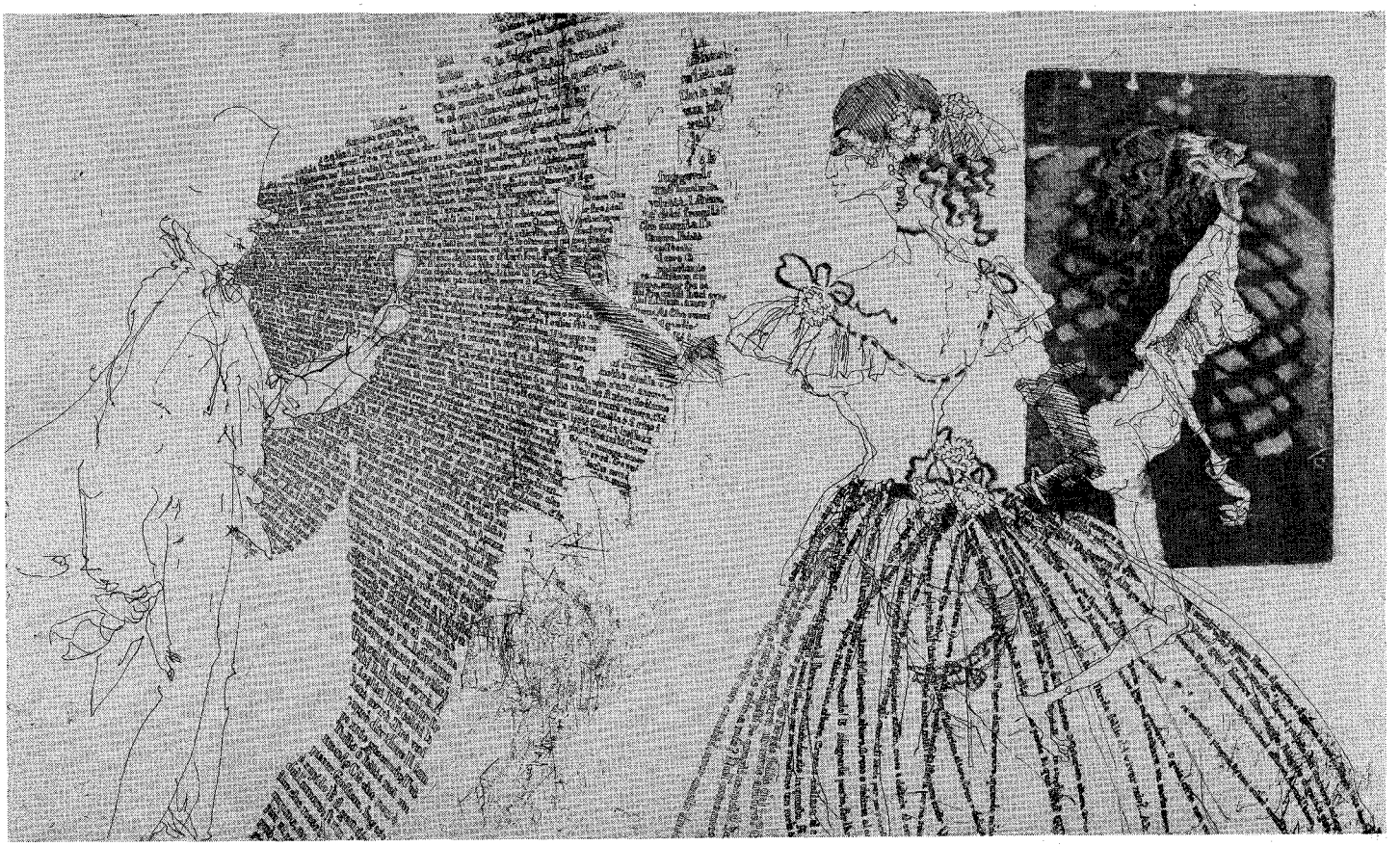
"My Verdi" is a portfolio of personal interpretations of the last 12 works of Verdi and a portrait of the composer. The 13 engravings are printed by the artist from burin-engraved zinc plates in black and colors on Arches paper in an edition of 25. They are all 18 x 31½ inches (*The Requiem* is a diptych). Not pictured here are *I Vespri Siciliani*, *Simone Boccanegra*, *Aida*, and *Otello*. The complete portfolio will be shown for the first time this December at Compagnia del Disegno, Via Lanzone 5, Milan.

David Schorr teaches drawing and printmaking at Wesleyan University.

Portrait of the composer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

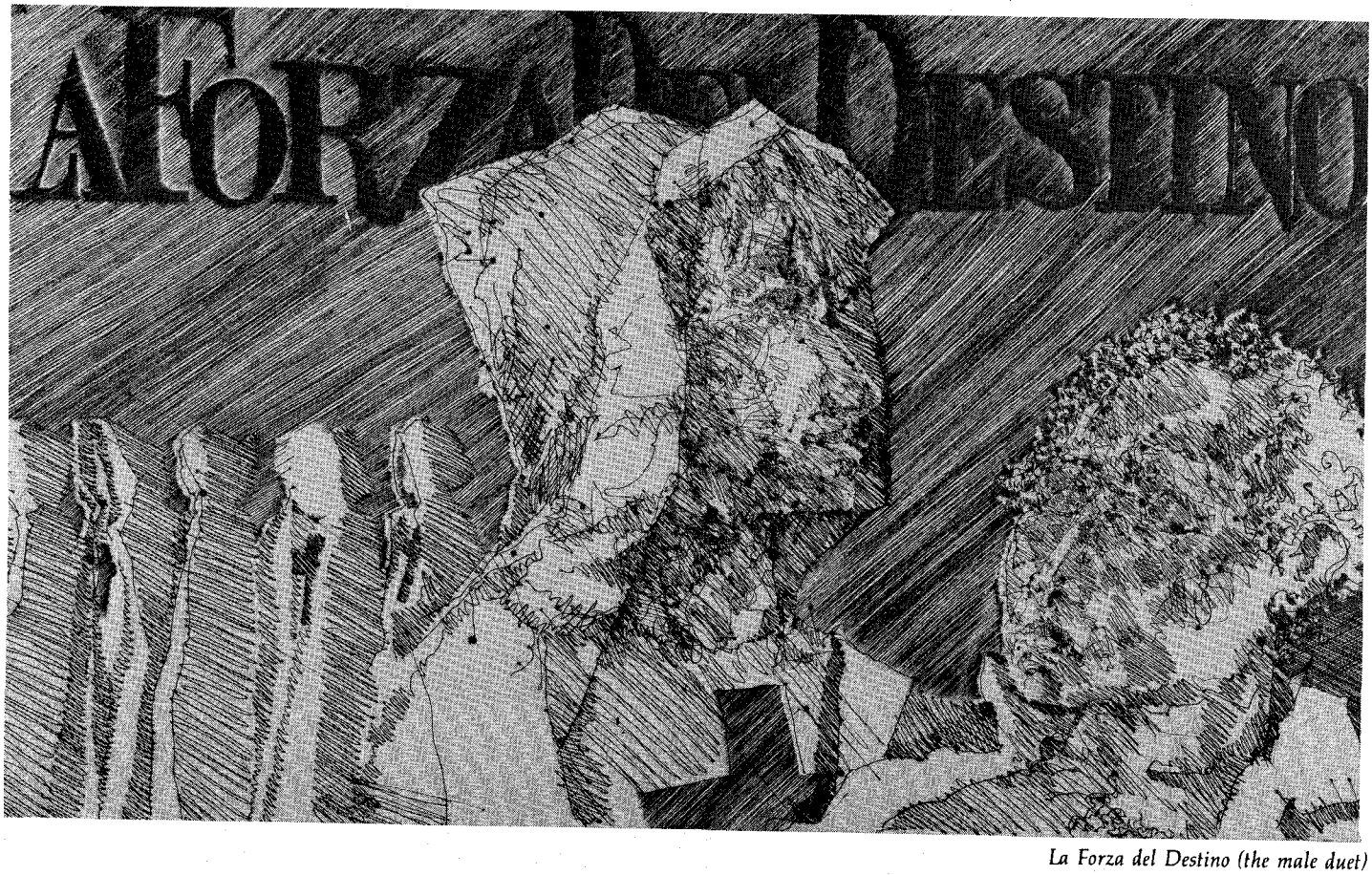
Rigoletto (the quart



La Traviata (the love di

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Un Ballo in Maschera (with cameo appearances by Walter Rathenau, John Kennedy, Abraham Lincoln, Alexander II, and Aldo Moro)



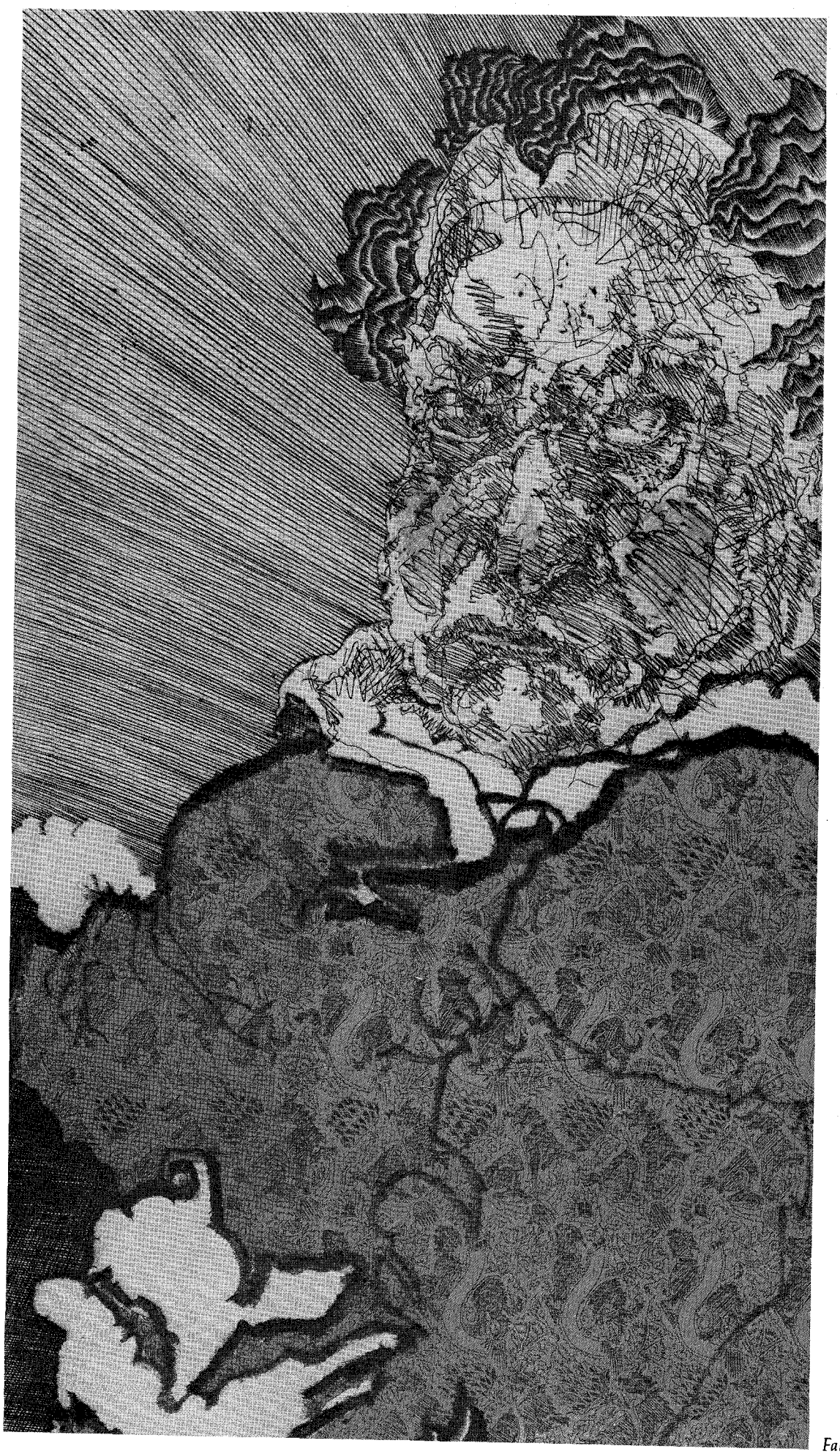
La Forza del Destino (the male duet)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Il Trovatore (an homage to the Marx Brothers and Margaret Dumo

Don C

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Falstaff

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The 'Naiveté' of Verdi

by Isaiah Berlin

—for W. H. Auden

My topic is Verdi's "naiveté." I hope that this phrase will not be misunderstood. To say that Verdi was naive in any ordinary sense is an absurd suggestion. But it seems to me that he was so in a very special—now forgotten—sense, in which this term was once used by Friedrich Schiller. Verdi greatly admired Schiller's dramatic works, which inspired four of his operas. But it is not this—the affinity of Verdi and Schiller, which has often been remarked—that I wish to discuss. My thesis is concerned with a different link between them.

In his once celebrated essay, published in 1795, which he called *Über Naive und Sentimentalische Dichtung*, Schiller distinguished two types of poets: those who are not conscious of any rift between themselves and their milieu, or within themselves; and those who are so conscious. For the first, art is a natural form of expression, they see what they see directly, and seek to articulate it for its own sake, not for any ulterior purpose, however sublime. Let me quote his own words:

> *Such poets occur in the youth of the world and later: they are severe and chaste, like the virgin goddess Diana in her woods. . . . The dry, truthful way in which such a poet treats his material often resembles lack of feeling. The object possesses him entirely. His heart does not, like a cheap metal, lie on the very surface, but, like gold, must be sought in depths. He is concealed by his works like God by the world He has created. He is his work, for the work is himself. Only someone who is unworthy of a work, or does not understand it, or is satiated by it, will look in it only for the creator.*

Homer, Aeschylus, Shakespeare, even Goethe are poets of this kind. They are not, as poets, self-conscious. They do not, like Virgil or Ariosto, stand aside to contemplate their creations and express their own feelings. They are at peace with themselves. Their aim is limited, and they are able, if they have genius, to embody their vision fully. These Schiller calls *naiv*. With them he contrasts those poets who come after the Fall. Let me quote again:

> *When man enters the stage of culture, and art has laid its hand on him, the primordial, sensuous unity is gone. . . . The harmony between sense and thinking, which in the earlier stage was* real, *now exists only as an* ideal. *It is not in a man, as a fact of his life, but outside him, as an ideal to be realised.*

The unity has been broken. The poet seeks to restore it. He looks for the vanished, harmonious world which some call nature, and builds it from his imagination, and his poetry is his attempt to return to it, to an imagined childhood, and he conveys his sense of the chasm that divides the day-to-day world which is no longer his home from the lost paradise which is conceived only ideally, only in reflection. Hence this ideal realm is bounded by nothing; it is in its very essence indefinable, unattainable, incapable of being embraced by means of any finite medium, no matter how great the poet's capacity for finding, molding, transforming his material. Let me quote Schiller again: "Visual art reaches its goal in the finite; that of the imagination . . . in infinity." And again, "The poet . . . *is* either himself nature, or he *seeks* her." The first of these Schiller calls *naiv*, the second, *sentimentalisch*.

For Schiller as for Rousseau, once ideas enter, peace, harmony, joy are gone forever. The artist becomes conscious of himself, of his ideal aims, of their infinite distance from his own divided nature, that is, of the estrangement of his society and himself from the original and unbroken whole of thought and action, feeling and expression. The characteristic poetry of the "sentimental" is satire, that is, negation, an attack on that which calls itself real life but is in fact a degradation of it (what is now called alienation from it), artificial, ugly, and unnatural; or it is elegy—the affirmation of the lost world, the unrealizable ideal. This distinction is not at all the same as that between the classical and the romantic (whatever that may be), if only because it is not concerned with the presence or absence of objective rules, universal standards, fixed criteria, or an eternal ideal order. Aeschylus, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Ossian—the heroes of romanticism, condemned by the classical school as undisciplined and wild—are *naiv*; the models of classicism—the authors of dramatic or idyllic or satirical or epic poetry: Euripides, Virgil, Horace, Propertius, the neoclassical poets of the Renaissance—are nostalgic, self-conscious, deeply *sentimentalisch*.

The naive artist is happily married to his muse. He takes rules and conventions for granted, uses them freely and harmoniously, and the effect of his art is, in Schiller's words, "tranquil, pure, joyous." The sentimental artist is in a turbulent relationship to his muse: married to her unhappily. Conventions irk him, although he may defend them fanatically. He is Amfortas and seeks peace, salvation, the healing of his own or his society's secret and patent wounds. He cannot be at rest. Of him Schiller says:

> *His observation is forcibly pushed aside by fancy, his sensibility by ideas, he closes his eyes and ears so that nothing may disturb his self-absorption in his own thoughts. . . . His soul suffers no impression without at once turning to contemplate its own play. . . . In this manner we never receive the object itself, only what the reflective understanding of the poet made of the object; and even when the poet is himself this object, when he wants to portray his feelings to us, we do not apprehend his feelings directly, at first hand, but only their reflection in his soul, what he thought about them as a spectator of himself.*

Hence the effect of the sentimental artist is not joy and peace, but tension, conflict with nature or society, insatiable cravings, the notorious neuroses of the modern age, with its troubled spirits, its martyrs, fanatics, and rebels, and its angry, bullying subversive preachers, Rousseau, Byron, Schopenhauer, Carlyle, Dostoevsky, Flaubert, Wagner, Marx, Nietzsche, offering not peace, but a sword.

Schiller's distinction, like all dichotomies, can, if taken literally, be carried much too far. But it is original and very suggestive. If we ask whether in modern times there are artists who in Schiller's sense are naive—at peace with their medium—integral as men and artists, as tranquil and solid and free from self-consciousness or obsession and fulfilled artistically as, say, Cervantes, Bach, Handel, Rubens, Haydn, men whose art culminates in its object and is not used for some spiritual end beyond itself—to reach out for some unattainable ideal, or as a weapon in a war against philistines and traitors, we could answer, "Yes,

---

Isaiah Berlin's most recent book is *Concepts and Categories* (Viking Press); this essay will appear in his *Against the Current: Essays in the History of Ideas*, to be published in March 1980, also by Viking Press.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indeed: Goethe, Pushkin, Dickens, at times Tolstoy (when he forgets his doctrine and his guilt), and certainly these, Rossini and Verdi." Among composers of genius, Verdi is perhaps the last complete, self-fulfilled creator, absorbed in his art; at one with it; seeking to use it for no ulterior purpose; the god wholly concealed by his works; severe, farouche, like Schiller's Diana, suspicious of anyone curious about his inner life; wholly, even grimly, impersonal, dryly objective, at one with his music. A man who dissolved everything in his art, with no more personal residue than Shakespeare or Tintoretto. In Schiller's sense, the last great naive poet of our time.

Of course, anyone who has any knowledge of Verdi's life knows that it was intertwined with that of his country: that his name became the very symbol of the Risorgimento, that "Viva Verdi" (not for political or monarchist reasons alone) was the most famous revolutionary and patriotic cry in Italy: that he admired both Mazzini and Cavour, both the revolutionary democrats and the king, and in this way united in his person the diverse strands that made the Italian nation. He always (to use Herder's simile) lived near the center of gravity of his nation, and spoke to his countrymen and for them as no one else did, not even Manzoni or Garibaldi, to both of whom he was close. His convictions, whether they moved to the right or the left, moved with those of popular feeling; he responded deeply and personally to every twist and turn in the Italian struggle for unity and freedom. The Hebrews of *Nabucco* were Italians in captivity. *Va Pensiero* was the national prayer for resurrection. The performance of *Battaglia di Legnano* evoked scenes of indescribable popular excitement in the revolutionary Rome of 1849. *Rigoletto*, no less than *Don Carlo*, *Forza del Destino*, and *Aida*, is inspired by a hatred of oppression, inequality, fanaticism, and human degradation. The hymn that Verdi wrote for Mazzini is only an episode in a single great campaign. For half a century he was the living symbol of all that was most generous and universal in Italian national feeling.

All this is so. Nevertheless, it is not at the center of Verdi's art. Insight into his music does not require us to know all, or any, or this. Of course all knowledge of what a man of genius was and felt is interesting, but it is not always essential. The point is, however, that it is essential in the case of the great "sentimental" masters: no one who does not realize what Beethoven felt about tyranny can fully understand the *Eroica*, or *Fidelio*, the first great political opera; no one who is ignorant of the relevant social movements in Russia can understand the significance of *Boris Godunov*, or *Khovanshchina*. Schumann's aesthetic outlook, Wagner's mythology, the romantic theories that dominated Berlioz are indispensable to the understanding of their masterpieces; but it is not necessary to know Shakespeare's political views to understand his historical plays; it might help, but it is not required. It is so with Verdi. Anyone who is acquainted with primary human passions—paternal love and the full horror of the humiliation of men by other men in a dehumanized society—will understand *Rigoletto*; insight into a hero destroyed by jealousy is sufficient for understanding *Otello*. Knowledge of basic human emotions is virtually all the extramusical equipment that is needed to understand Verdi's works, early or late, great or small, *Suoni la Tromba* as much as *La Traviata*; *Attila* or *Luisa Miller*

The headline-making exposé of a nation's indifference to the Holocaust.

In a book that is stirring international debate, Bernard Wasserstein argues that pro-Arab prejudices and preoccupation with their own war effort led British officials to virtually ignore the plight of Europe's Jews in World War II. Drawing on documents that include British papers not previously available to historians, he shows, for example, how British generals undermined Churchill's plans for a Jewish fighting force, why plans to bomb Auschwitz were cancelled, and where the first British shots of the war were fired: against an unarmed refugee boat bound for Palestine. $17.95

BRITAIN AND THE JEWS OF EUROPE 1939-1945

Bernard Wasserstein

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

200 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016

SINCE 1478

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no less than *Forza del Destino* or *Aida*; *Il Corsaro* or *Ernani* as much as *Il Trovatore*, the *Requiem*, or *Otello*, or even *Falstaff*. *Falstaff* is musically and artistically unique. Nevertheless the requirements needed to do it justice do not include, as indispensable *sine quibus non*, knowledge of the personal views or attributes of the composer, or the historical circumstances of his life or those of his society. This is not needed in his case any more than those of Bach or Mozart or Rossini, of Shakespeare or Goethe or

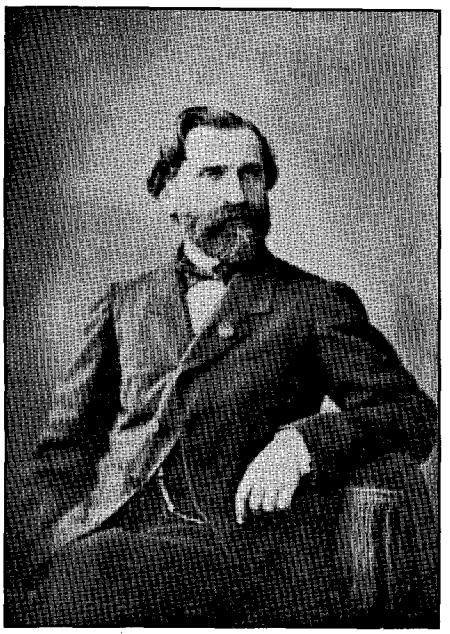


photo from *Nadar* by Nigel Gosling (Knopf; 1976)

Dickens. From *Oberto, Conte di Bonifazio* to the *Quattro Pezzi Sacri*, the character of Verdi's creations is, in Schiller's special sense, wholly *naiv*: they spring from a direct vision of the object. There is no effort to reach beyond, to an infinite and unattainable empyrean, and lose oneself in it, no ulterior aim, no impossible attempt to fuse antagonistic worlds—music and literature, the personal and the public, concrete reality and a transcendent myth. Verdi never seeks to close a breach, to compensate for the imperfections of human life, or to heal his own wounds or overcome his society's inner cracks—its alienation from a common culture or from the ancient faith—by using magical means, by conjuring up an infernal or a celestial vision as a means of escape or revenge or salvation. This is as true of *Falstaff* as it is of *Un Giorno di Regno* or the string quartet. Desire, said Bishop Butler, culminates in its object. Verdi belongs to this tradition and represents its finest flowering. Verdi's art, like that of Bach, is objective, direct, and in harmony with the conventions that govern it. It springs from an unbroken inner unity, a sense of belonging to its own time and society and milieu, which precludes the *nostalgie de l'infini*, the conception of art as therapy which lies at the heart of what Schiller calls *sentimentalisch*. In this sense Virgil, Propertius, and Horace were *sentimentalisch*: "sentimental" and also models of classicism; while the *Song of the Niebelungs* or *Don Quixote*, idealized by the romantics, are *naiv*.

Verdi was the last of the great naive masters of Western music, in an age given over to the *Sentimentalisches*. He remained scarcely affected by it. He may have been interested in, or even influenced by, Wagner or Liszt or Meyerbeer; but the influence was confined to method, technical innovations. Their worlds and their doctrines remained alien to him. After him "naiveté" is to be found, in the West at any rate, only in the borderlands, outside the central movement—among the composers of the Slav countries, Spain, perhaps Norway, where social conditions resemble an earlier Europe.

Verdi is, of course, not without an

GIUSEPPE VERDI

The Portrait by Nadar

for William Weaver

You are a survivor, even in Paris
  where only success survives,
although its ruins have an eternity

  of their own. Shining ruins,
let that be success, then: *Don Carlos*. And if
  yours was disreputable—

Gautier to the Goncourts: "When the words are sad
  then the music goes *tron, tron,*
when the words are happy, then it goes *tra tra*"—

  after all, Wagner fell too,
Jockeyed off the stage just a lustrum ago
  as "Richard Gare de Lyon!"

You do better these days at La Grande Boutique,
  your name for the burgeoning
Palais Garnier; only the French dare call you

  insincere—we don't accuse
oysters of insincerity for making
  their disease into a pearl.

A moment is all you will concede Nadar
  between scenes (in every sense)
at the petty palace, but a moment is all

  he takes to leave this homage
to the perishable clay. In Paris, in *France*,
  a genius is a man who says

what everyone knows, and you speak otherwise
  to the general ear, with all
the furtive inflexibility of style—

  Carlos, a sort of dismal
grit in the grandeur, will show them, will make them
  hear. That is what success means:

being heard, and you have written how many
  bad operas to write the good,
how many good to write the great ones to come,

  luminous, voluminous,
voices wrapped in the gift each sex possesses
  of not listening to the other.

We listen to you and applaud not because
  we believe you (we do not),
we applaud you for making life credible.

Richard Howard

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ideology. But it is that of vast numbers of mankind across large stretches of history: this is, indeed, one of the central meanings of the term "humanism." Alberto Moravia traces it to his peasant origin and upbringing, which triumphed over the bourgeois society of his time. Peasants are an ancient and universal social class, and if it is this that worked in Verdi, it is not irrelevant to what Rousseau and Schiller meant by a relatively uncorrupted relationship with nature.

The attacks on Verdi are notorious. They came from many quarters. In England, Mr. Chorley found him too noisy, that is, too vulgar, compared to Rossini, Boieldieu, etc. Nor was the wish to return to Rossini and Bellini confined to the conservatives of the North—it came from Italians too; least of all, let it be noted, from Rossini himself. Naturally the principal onslaught came from the champions of the new music: the Wagnerians and the Lisztians, the protagonists of all that was most self-conscious, extra-musical, "sentimental," from faith in music as a messianic rebirth of the spirit. Boito, who was later to denounce Wagner as a false prophet, was in his day deeply caught by this. His explosion against Verdi is too well known to cite.

This is as it should be. Verdi was indeed the greatest, most triumphant obstacle to the new aesthetic religion: it was not worth wasting powder and shot on Pacini or Mercadante, even on Meyerbeer, Auber, or Halévy, while Verdi was dominant: he was the arch-enemy, the traditionalist of power and genius. Still more violent were the attacks from the East, delivered by the great new national school of the Slav world, in particular the Russians. Balakirev and Borodin, Mussorgsky and Stassov detested Verdi: not for his occasional platitudes and vulgarities—not for *Questa o Quella* or *O tu Palermo*—but for the very qualities in which his strength resided, his acceptance of, and his identification with, the hateful formula—the conventions of opera. The Russians, inspired by populist ideals, disciples of the unknown master Dargomyzhsky (whom they regarded as a genius of the first order), believed in musical realism, in the most intimate interrelation of words, plot, expression, music, historical and social consciousness. They virtually invented the expressive semi-recitative to convey the finest psychological nuances of the "real" inner and outer life of both individuals and masses. When Busoni declared that love scenes should not occur on the stage—because what is intimate should not take place in public—this most sophisticated man echoed, however unconsciously (he would have been horrified to be told this), this literal realism. The Russians were in open revolt against the Italian opera of Paisiello, Cherubini, Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini. At long last the miserable crew of operatic purveyors showed signs of going under; but Verdi had breathed new life into the tradition and reconquered the musical public for the beastly formula, the mechanical succession of detachable operatic "numbers," the bits and pieces which could be performed in any order, from, for example, the *Requiem*, with which Verdi and his singers toured Europe. They denounced all those self-contained arias, duets, trios, quintets, choruses, the inevitable apoggiaturas and artificially stuck-on cabalettas and cavatinas, the mechanism of the all too predictable orchestral accompaniment, the terrible hurdy-gurdy that killed the living expression of real experience. *Prince Igor* seemed to them spontaneous and "real," whereas *Don Carlo* and *La Traviata* were Christmas trees decked out with meretricious baubles. Not that they liked Wagner any better—he seemed to them one of the "pompous disseminators of clamorous confusion," to use Boito's phrase. Serov, their colleague who admired and imitated this master, was duly drummed out of the nationalist regiment. Their gods were Liszt and Berlioz. The greatest enemy was always Verdi, upon whom they looked as the early German Romantics looked on the French arbiters of taste in the 18th century: shallow, pompous, stilted, artificial, utterly predictable, utterly worthless.

This (as in the case of the Germans and the French a century earlier) was the attack of the *Sentimentalisch* on the *Naiv:* equally inevitable, perhaps, and equally exaggerated and wrongheaded. Verdi went his way, wounded, but ultimately serene and unperturbed. Doubtless he did not belong to the new world of Baudelaire, Flaubert, Liszt, Wagner, Nietzsche, Dostoevsky, Mussorgsky. There is no reason to think that he was aware of this, or would have cared if he had been. He was the last great voice of humanism not at war with itself, at any rate in music.

No matter how sophisticated his scores, there is no trace, right to the end, of self-consciousness, neurosis, decadence. For that, in Italian music, we

New Yale Paperbounds

Ethnic Power Mobilized

Can South Africa Change?

Heribert Adam
and Hermann Giliomee

A brilliantly executed study of the political and social forces at work in South Africa. In contrast to current liberal thinking, Adam and Giliomee find the roots of the South African predicament not in racism but in the entrenchment of Afrikaner power and privilege.
Cloth $22.50 Paper $5.95

Arab Politics

The Search for Legitimacy

Michael C. Hudson

"Probably the most significant and persuasive book on this subject."
—*American Political Science Review*
Cloth $25.00 Paper $7.95

Yale University Press
New Haven and London

"Absolutely fascinating."
—JANE GOODALL

The Biology of Peace and War: Men, Animals, and Aggression by Irenaus Eibl-Eibesfeldt

"An internationally eminent colleague of Konrad Lorenz inquires deeply into the key questions concerning 'human nature' as they relate to peace and war...[builds] on newly emerging evidence that as well as being warmakers we have equally been ready to 'ritualize' our aggressions...to enjoy peace...A PIONEERING STUDY."
—*Publishers Weekly*

THE VIKING PRESS Dept. ATE-NR
625 Madison Avenue, New York 10022

Please send me _____ copies of THE BIOLOGY OF PEACE AND WAR @ $15.00. I enclose $_____ total. (Include sales tax where applicable plus $1.00 per copy to cover postage and handling.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State ____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must wait for Boito, Puccini, and their followers. He was the last master to paint with positive, clear, primary colors, to give direct expression to the eternal, major human emotions: love and hate, jealousy and fear, indignation and passion; grief, fury, mockery, cruelty, irony, fanaticism, faith—the passions that all men know. After him, this is much more rare. From Débussy onward, whether music is impressionist or expressionist, neo-classical or neo-romantic, diatonic or chromatic, dodecaphonic, aleatoric, or concrete, or a syncretism of these, innocence is gone.

To escape from the inflation and the appalling elephantiasis of late German romanticism, a variety of astringent, deflationary styles came into being. But the return to Bach or to Pergolesi, or to Gesualdo, to Machaut, is a conscious attempt to look for antidotes. This has indeed generated much original and fascinating music, anti-*sentimentalisch*, and thereby itself *sentimentalisch*, inasmuch as it is self-regarding, self-conscious, doctrine-influenced music, accompanied by theories and manifestos, neo-Catholic (Solesmes), atonal, surrealist, socialist-realist (neo-diatonic), etc. to justify it. We expect ideological declarations, programmatic statements, anathemas from Wagner or Berlioz or Débussy or the Russian composers of the 20th century. But just as we should have regarded a manifesto on the function of literature signed by Dickens or Dumas *père* as almost inconceivable, so a *profession de foi* by Verdi on the aesthetic or social significance of Italian opera or its relation to the *commedia dell'arte* (of the kind to be found in the writings, of, say, Boito or Busoni) would rightly be suspected of being an exceptionally implausible forgery. Manifestos are a symptom of revolt or reaction, personal or collective; that is to say, of an acute phase of "sentimentality." The remoteness of Verdi, who is so often and, in a sense, so justly described as one of the most deeply characteristic and representative artists of the 19th century, from this particular condition, which is usually held to be a central feature of that period—its typical *malaise*—is, perhaps, what is most arresting in his personality, both as an artist and as a man. In this respect he has no successors. In music at least, he is the last naive artist of genius. The desire to "go back" to Verdi itself becomes a form of incurable nostalgia, of acutely non-Verdian "sentimentality," from which he was himself peacefully free.

It is natural enough that what during the high tide of the *sentimentalisch* movement, from, say, the 1870s to the 1930s, was looked upon both by the German and the anti-German (i.e. Franco-Russian) musical public (and its critics) as Verdi's popular, vulgar style, should have reemerged during the last quarter century as the last direct voice of the great tradition. It is felt to be so in conscious contrast with the quest for the remote and the exotic—symptoms of recession, the desire to obtain comfort or derive new life from traditions remote in space and time—the music of the Middle Ages or of the Age of Reason, or the relics of the folk tradition in Eastern Europe, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the Pacific.

Noble, simple, with a degree of unbroken vitality and vast natural power of creation and organization, Verdi is the voice of a world that is no more. His enormous popularity among the most sophisticated as well as the most ordinary listeners today is due to the fact that he expressed permanent states of consciousness in the most direct terms: as Homer, Shakespeare, Ibsen, and Tolstoy have done. This is what Schiller called *naiv*. After Verdi this is not heard in music again. Verdi's assured place in the high canon of the musical art, which nobody now disputes, is a symptom of sanity in our time. The sociology of this phenomenon, like that of Verdi's own position in his own time, is itself a fascinating topic, but not one with which I am qualified to deal.

Small Futures: Children, Inequality and the Limits of Liberal Reform
by Richard H. deLone for the Carnegie Council on Children

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95)

This is an important book. Richard deLone persuasively argues that education cannot develop individuals who will transform the American system of inequality because that system permeates and even determines educational outcomes. *Small Futures* should be read, discussed, and, in broad outline, accepted as a summary account of the reactionary structures that this society likes to ignore.

There are, deLone suggests, three propositions "hovering somewhere in the ground between popular theory and academic precept" which are part of the American myth about childhood:

> *the belief that individual adult characteristics determine social status, the belief that those adult characteristics are substantially determined by characteristics developed in childhood, and finally, the belief that the 'micro' environment of the family, without reference to the society, or 'macro' environment in which it is embedded, is what substantially determines the way children develop.*

DeLone doesn't share these beliefs, but argues instead that the social structure perpetuates "a sameness in the individual's perception of possible futures, which are derived from the predictable, stable sequence of experiences and possibilities characteristic of a given social class or racial situation."

A study of College Board scores in 1973-74 dramatically supports that hypothesis. Student scores correlated to family income on a one-to-one basis. Those in the top rank came from backgrounds with a mean family income of $24,124; those in the bottom rank of homes with $8639. To be sure, there are racist cranks who say this simply proves that intelligence is inherited and inequality is genetically transmitted. DeLone shows, however, that these views have no empirical basis.

DeLone makes no pretense of scholarly exhaustiveness in *Small Futures*. As a result, he sometimes treats intricate controversies too summarily. When he considers the question of social mobility—whether there has been an historic escape hatch from class determinism for a significant number of individuals—deLone treats complex matters too casually. Stephen Thernstrom's research, for instance, could be used to back the escape hatch theory and deLone only borrows from it those elements which fit in with his own argument. This, mind you, is not a fatal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flaw in *Small Futures*, but it might provide ammunition to those who want to snipe at deLone's fundamentally sound basic argument.

DeLone deals in speculations as well as complicated controversies. In a provocative section of *Small Futures*, he works toward a "situational theory of child development." The child, he suggests, might be seen as located at the center of a series of overlapping circles.

> *The nature of inner circles such as family and school is affected by the shape of outer circles such as social class or race. . . . Conversely, the child's experience and perception of those outer circles is influenced by the nature of the inner circles. For example, the degree of industrialization in a society will shape the experiences broadly characteristic of each social class and its members. But growing up in a family of semiskilled workers for whom even a low-paying American job is better than what they left behind may mean one thing for the child of an immigrant, and it may mean quite another thing for a child whose parents have grown up in a shrinking urban economy and view their work as a dead end.*

I find that analysis quite useful, particularly because its avoids a vulgar, one-dimensional determinism. I suspect that most educated Americans would be willing to accept it as theory, although they would balk at applying it in practice, because it leads to radical conclusions. Most Americans prefer Horace Mann's tribute to education: "It does better than to disarm the poor of their hostility to the rich; it prevents being poor." Indeed, that myth of success through education is particularly compelling in times of economic growth like the 1960s, when it looks as if a rising tide will lift all boats. But the myth loses, or should lose, its force in periods like the 1970s, when few can expect to make any headway in the face of a pervasive recession.

What political conclusions follow from deLone's unmasking of these myths? If, as deLone argues quite rightly, the social-economic system of inequality subverts the schools, then anyone concerned with education must fight to change that system. Instead of viewing education as an alternative to economic and social change—a road to the classless society that does not require any institutional change—one sees egalitarianism as an essential precondition of educational success. In a forthcoming book I make much the same point, so I clearly am not at odds with deLone about strategy.

DeLone is suggesting that in the name of children it is necessary to take on the

"The most forceful Arendt appraisal to date"*

On her conception of politics

On the essence of totalitarianism

On her critique of Marx

On the nature of violence

On her concepts of freedom, thinking, and judging

HANNAH ARENDT:
The Recovery of the Public World

EDITED BY MELVYN HILL

"Controversial up to the time of her death in 1975, Hannah Arendt now begins to emerge —in this valuable book of thirteen essays by American, English, and Canadian writers— as a breakthrough figure among thinkers who have confronted the causes and consequences of modern alienation and political collapse."
—*Publishers Weekly**

"Provides readers with a chance to assess and judge her thought and career...The transcripts of a conference in which Arendt participated are particularly revealing of her characteristic political attitudes."—*Library Journal*

$14.95

ST. MARTIN'S PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

system itself and attack inequality. I agree. The majority of Americans do not. The corporate rich are passionately and effectively committed to inequality. In 1978, for instance, the wealthy beneficiaries of reduced capital gains taxation managed to get a two-year, five-billion-dollar subsidy out of a Congress that babbled on and on about austerity for the poor, the working people, and the middle class. Indeed, every time there is a tax reform bill, the system springs more leaks than it plugs. As if that were not bad enough, many of the victims of inequality favor the structures that do them harm. That is, they want their children to be able to take advantage of the unfairness of the society. In general, relatively few people in America are genuinely egalitarian. The claim to great wealth is bound up with one of the most fundamental of American beliefs: that private individuals make the best investment decisions. To turn the excellent analysis of *Small Futures* into serious politics in the face of such hostility requires the difficult work of winning people away from the myths they cherish.

DeLone and I may disagree slightly on the tactics of such an effort. DeLone puts full employment, the democratization of investment, affirmative action, and redistributive tax policy at the center of his programmatic proposals. He is quite right. My arguments only concern details: whether it is better tactically to work for a demo-grant tax proposal of the type McGovern offered in 1972 (deLone thinks so; I am not so sure) or to focus on inheritance taxes (which I am certainly for). I do not, however, want to end with qualifications. In a time when people will talk about their sex lives on television, the real "dirty little secret" of American society is inequality. It is vicious to most of us and particularly vicious to all those children who are condemned to "small futures" because of it. This book provides a convincing analysis of this outrage.

Michael Harrington

Michael Harrington is the national chairman of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee.

The Ghost Writer by Philip Roth

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $8.95)

The story line of *The Ghost Writer* is a triumph of economy. A young writer comes to spend an evening at the Berkshire home of E. I. Lonoff, a master of short fiction. They talk, have dinner with Lonoff's wife, and then talk some more—about how to live and write as well as about the beautiful young woman who is also staying at the Lonoffs' and who stirs the fires of fascination in the young writer. Time passes; it begins to snow. The master retires to do his evening reading, bidding his guest to stay over. The young man spends a restless night during which he replays a recent quarrel with his father, reads a Henry James story, and then overhears an intimate exchange in the room above between his host and the young woman, which in turn provokes him to project an extraordinary fantasy about *her*. Next day all four characters share a tense breakfast. There is a scene. The young woman leaves. The master's wife delivers a defiant speech and storms out. The master follows. The young writer starts to go but the master tells him to stay behind and write down the notes for what he is sure will one day be a novel, for what is indeed this novel. This is the slim narrative scaffolding for a wickedly clever parable about the relations between life and the life of art.

Its cleverness begins with its date; it takes place in the winter of 1956. In the fictional universe of Philip Roth this is the winter before the summer romance in *Goodbye Columbus*. And since, further, that book was published exactly 20 years ago, comparison between it and *The Ghost Writer* seems both inevitable and invited. Both, then, are masterly short novels, both deal with the situation of a guest in a stranger's house, and both involve us in the adventures and ruminations of their ardent/bold young men. The difference is that the voice that narrates those adventures in *The Ghost Writer* belongs to a mature writer looking back on his ghostly younger self; whereas in *Goodbye Columbus* there was no distance between the voice of the tale and that of the young man: both belonged to wise guys. There are other points of similarity. But none is so striking as the deepening of vision that has taken place in the 20 years between the books. The satiric spirit that suffused *Goodbye Columbus* and that in retrospect heralded the comic but cruel caricatures in Roth's later fiction is here only in his treatment of his persona, Nathan Zuckerman, a young man with a young man's share of enthusiasms and credulities. It does not touch the other characters; notably it does not touch Nathan's parents, who we meet in a flashback during his sleepless night. They are serious people with a hard-earned knowledge of life which goes beyond the wear-your-rubbers-in-the-rain nostrums of Mrs. Portnoy, and which their son needs to hear if not heed. Their speeches—and this marvelously dramatic book is full of speeches—are not filtered through the grating tonalities of one of Roth's jejune narrators. Instead, there is a justice and impartiality in the treatment of all the characters that is new in the fiction of this brilliant but often angry author. This new objectivity flows out of Roth's dramatic method. In *The Ghost Writer* the characters speak with no manifest prompting from the author, no "going behind," in the dramatic dictum of Henry James. Consequently, when they speak they surprise us with the depth and force of their feelings. Altogether then, this is a very Jamesian novella, both in its theme and in its assimilation of technique to the insight that one must never say the last word about any human heart.

If James is one of the ghost writers of this book, then so is Chekhov. The narrator compares Lonoff—an emblematic name—to Chekhov, and surely it is Trigorin's speech in *The Sea Gull* on the miseries of a writer's life that lies behind these equally memorable lines of Lonoff's:

> *I turn sentences around. That's my life. I write a sentence and then I turn it around. Then I look at it and I turn it around again. Then I have lunch. Then I come back in and I write another sentence. Then I have tea and turn the new sentence around. Then I read the two*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sentences over and turn them both around. Then I lie down on my sofa and think. Then I get up and throw them out and start from the beginning. And if I knock off from this routine for as long as a day, I'm frantic with boredom and a sense of waste. Sundays I have breakfast late and read the papers with Hope. Then we go for a walk in the hills, and I'm haunted by the loss of all that good time. I wake up Sunday mornings and I'm nearly crazy at the prospect of all those unusable hours. I'm restless, I'm bad-tempered, but she's a human being too, you see, so I go. To avoid trouble she makes me leave my watch at home. The result is that I look at my wrist instead. We're walking, she's talking, then I look at my wrist—and that usually does it, if my foul mood hasn't already. She throws in the sponge and we come home. And at home what is there to distinguish Sunday from Thursday? I sit back down at my little Olivetti and start looking at sentences and turning them around. And I ask myself, Why is there no way but this for me to fill my hours?

Lonoff is a portrait of the artist as a "mere disenfranchised monk," to use the words James puts into the mouth of his hero in "The Lesson of the Master," a text *The Ghost Writer* echoes. Fussy, exact, pedantic, a writer of 27 drafts ("To get it wrong so many times"), a renouncer of awards, a poet of "terminal restraint," Lonoff spins his art out of "not living," in the sardonic words of his wife. "I got fondled more by strangers on the rush hour subway during two months in 1935," says Hope Lonoff, "than I have up here in the last twenty years." In her climactic speech she makes clear the sacrifices she has made to his art—her friends, her children, her life—without receiving any of its glory. She has made his career possible, and in the last words of the novel Roth salutes her "noble calling."

Lonoff is a wonderfully parodic creation. As others have pointed out, he is in salient respects the fictive ghost of Bernard Malamud, and he is the same age, 56, and shares the same amorous situation as the hero of Malamud's latest novel. (Saul Bellow also makes a disguised appearance, in a recollection of Nathan's. There is no end to the clever variations on the title.) As for Nathan, he is the familiar Rothian hero—confident, libidinous, and obsessively guilty—surely, next to Truffaut's Antoine Doinel, one of the most documented youths of the 20th century. Nathan has come to Lonoff to seek his "moral sponsorship," but Lonoff presents a model for the life of art which Nathan cannot follow. He is too ardent.

Einstein, Freud, Mahler, Kafka..

There were hundreds like them—Jewish cultural giants who were trapped and terrorized by the Holocaust.

These are their stories:

Of Einstein—who was branded a menace to "Aryan physics" ...Of Alfred Doeblin—who fled to a new faith...Of Lasker-Schüler—modern Germany's greatest lyric poet who died penniless in Jerusalem.

Prophets Without Honour is filled with unforgettable accounts of the few who escaped and the many who did not. The collective biography of a generation of genius, it is an exciting "intellectual adventure."*

*Lucy Dawidowicz

"Grunfeld has put the whole awful, somehow ennobling story together with a quiet passion and a wealth of unexpected details."
—ALFRED KAZIN

A Jewish Publication Society Selection
$15.00

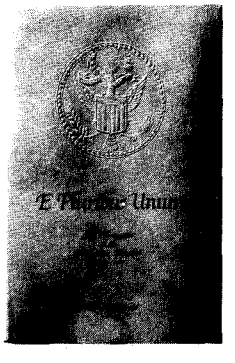
PROPHETS WITHOUT HONOUR

A Background to Freud, Kafka, Einstein and Their World

BY FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

Holt, Rinehart & Winston

LibertyPress LibertyClassics



E Pluribus Unum
The Formation of the American Republic 1776–1790

By Forrest McDonald

Having won their independence from England, the American colonies faced a new question of paramount importance: Would this be politically one nation, or would it not? *E Pluribus Unum* is a provocative and spirited look at how that question came to be answered. "Fresh, vivid, and penetrating"—*New York Times Book Review.* "Original and stimulating"—*American Historical Review.* Hardcover $8.00, Paperback $3.50.

We pay postage, but require prepayment, on orders from individuals. Please allow four to six weeks for delivery. To order this book, or for a copy of our catalog, write:
LibertyPress/LibertyClassics
7440 North Shadeland, Dept. 589
Indianapolis, Indiana 46250

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To the passage where Isaac Babel, yet another master of the short novel, speaks of the Jewish writer as a man with autumn in his heart and spectacles on his nose—thus far the portrait of Lonoff—Nathan had once added, "and blood in his penis," the credo of his own art. To Lonoff, he tries to appear the high-minded literary man, but he cannot efface the traces of libidinal will from his stories. A shrewd critic, Lonoff recognizes that Nathan's art feeds on a "turbulence" in his life. The differences between them are accepted.

Nathan writes from experience: not his—he's not old enough to have had any—but his family's. He thus faces ethical ambiguities which Lonoff, who writes fantasy, does not face. We discover what these ambiguities are in a long flashback in which Nathan remembers the quarrel with his father. They had fought over one of Nathan's stories. In a splendid set piece, Roth relates the incident upon which the story is based. It involves an Uncle Sidney and an Aunt Essie and a fight over an inheritance and a hammer, and it is hilarious and moving. Nathan's father, however, worries about the story's consequences. During a long Sunday walk through the streets of immortal Newark, Mr. Zuckerman tells his son why he should suppress the story:

> *It's not your fault that you don't know what Gentiles think when they read something like this. But I can tell you. They don't think about how it's a great work of art. They don't know about art. Maybe I don't know about art myself. Maybe none of our family does, not the way that you do. But that's my point. People don't read art—they read about* people. *And they judge them as such. And how do you think they will judge the people in your story, what conclusions do you think they will reach? Have you thought about that? . . .*
>
> *Nathan, your story, as far as Gentiles are concerned, is about one thing and one thing only. . . . It is about kikes. Kikes and their love of money. That is all our good Christian friends will see, I guarantee you.*

This powerful speech grows the more powerful for us when we remember that "Doc" Zuckerman is a chiropodist and not an MD because of the iniquitous

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading subsidy book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34th St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

James T. Farrell (1904-1979)

This statement was delivered at the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, April 18, 1979. The occasion was the award of the Emerson-Thoreau medal to James T. Farrell for distinguished achievement in the field of literature.

James T. Farrell once remarked that he had been "rubber-stamped" as a novelist of the 1930s, one who had suddenly surfaced "full-blown" after the Great Crash of 1929 as if no infancy or adolescence or youth might have influenced his literary consciousness.

It is hard to think of another writer of his generation who has been so often summoned to the bar by his peers and ordered to justify himself. During the 1930s, the Stalinist wing of the Communist party took him to task for his ideological deviations. After the war, he was run over by what the late Mark Schorer called "the Henry James machine" and identified with all the alleged sins of naturalism: its rigid philosophical determinism, its documentary method of exposition and stylistic poverty, its dogmatically anti-tragic bias, and its insensitivity to metaphor and myth. One bloodthirsty critic even called for his "ritual slaughter."

But measured by the criteria of these anti-naturalists, James T. Farrell could hardly be called a naturalist at all, despite his well-known links to the naturalist school. His novels, for all their specificity and fidelity to fact, are about the *inner* lives of people as they cope with or respond to the pressures of the social milieu in which they are enmeshed. If his fiction is akin in spirit and method to the novels of Theodore Dreiser, it also reflects the influence of *Winesburg, Ohio* and *Ulysses* on the making of a young writer and his lifelong attentions to the problems of narrative technique.

But Mr. Farrell has never needed help in defending himself against his fault-finders. He himself has provided eloquent and persuasive replies in his literary and social criticism; and although J. Thomas Farrell might have exclaimed with J. Alfred Prufrock, "That is not what I meant at all. That is not it, at all," he has characteristically chosen to take the offensive rather than to wriggle on a pin. He has refused to be constrained or intimidated or bribed by political parties or literary coteries. And at a time when such words as "reality" or "truth" are drained of meaning, and when it is no longer possible—at least according to post-structuralist dicta—for fiction to be mimetic, he continues to depict the world of his experience, a world very real to him. The writer, he says, "has a duty to tell the truth" about his world. "He has no obligation to make money, to be glamorous. God never told me to be rich."

Mr. Farrell's readers will have different notions about the "truths" he propounds. But for many, one of the central ones might be summed up in the comment of a writer he deeply admires: "You live badly, my friends. It is shameful to live like that." Much of Mr. Farrell's fiction dramatizes those words of Chekhov's. For nearly half a century he has been driven by what he once called

> *an unshakeable conviction that I have a true and representative story to tell of how people have lived, suffered and enjoyed, striven and forged ideals, loved and hated, died in my time. . . . When I began writing, I determined not to compromise with passing fads. . . . I have rigidly tried to adhere to this intention. I have always been prepared to breast every hostile current that my books required and I'm still prepared to do this. I make these statements not in arrogance, but rather out of a full realization that each writer must find his own way in accordance with his temperament and his talents.*

Mr. Farrell wrote this statement in 1940. Now, several dozens of books later, there is no reason for him to change a syllable.

Daniel Aaron

Daniel Aaron is professor of English at Harvard University.

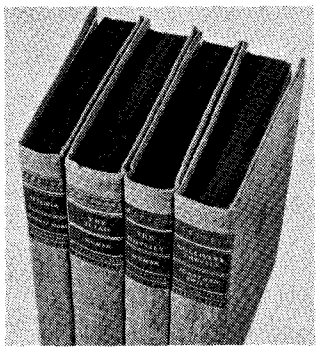
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quota system that until only recently barred Jews from the professions. He has suffered from the "unreckoned consequences"—the phrase is from the James story—of the Jewish stereotype in art. But this chapter is not called "Nathan Dedalus" for nothing: like his Irish namesake, Nathan must put the cause of art above family and tribal ties. Besides, to him his story is not a defamation but a "bear-hug," which grows out of what Neal Klugman in *Goodbye Columbus* calls "an attachment so rooted that it could not help but branch out into affection." So he will not yield—not to his father, not to the 10-point letter of the eminent Newark jurist, Judge Leopold Wapter, who compares him to Goebbels, and not to the arguments—and they are arguments—of his mother, who warns that it could happen here: "The Jews are not strangers to violence." When she begs him at least to write the judge and say that he has been moved by a new Broadway play, the big news of this book is foreshadowed. For the play is *The Diary of Anne Frank*, and in the "Femme Fatale" section that follows, Nathan imagines that the mysterious visitor who claims to be Amy Belette, a former student of Lonoff's, is really Anne Frank.

In Roth's account Anne Frank is a heroine of the imagination. Confined to the attic of an Amsterdam office building for two years, a ludicrous *lebensraum* which she shared with eight other people, this 13-year-old girl turned to her diary as to a form of transcendence. If Lonoff's difficult art trickles from his fastidious character, if Nathan's surges from his will to erotic independence, then Anne Frank owes her art to the pressures of history—to the marching feet on the pavement and the terror and the confinement and the need to master all this in beautiful, calm prose. Roth's portrait of Anne Frank—now afraid, now excited by the discovery of her breasts, now issuing Daedelean declarations of independence from her father, now joyfully recognizing her talents—is warm and affecting. After the war, safe in America, she is torn between her longing for her father, the only member of her family to survive the death camps, and the literary necessity to keep her survival a secret, for she rightly fears that if people knew she was alive, they would read her diary as a kind of *Swiss Family Robinson*. Its power depends on her death. She is a martyr to art.

Moving as this portrait is, in the end Anne Frank is no more than a conceit for Roth. This becomes clear when Nathan, over that stormy climactic breakfast, imagines marrying her. What immunity *that* would give him from his parents' charges of anti-Semitism! The Anne! It's a clever touch. But is it worth bringing in the most famous symbol of the Holocaust just to add a clever touch, one, moreover, with a patently autobiographical reference? For clearly Roth wants us to cluck over the idea of Philip Roth, the scourge of the literary rabbis, marrying *the* Anne. Am I being a literary rabbi in saying that this use of Anne Frank seems to me a lapse of taste, a failure of aesthetic judgment? For inevitably the Anne Frank element draws to itself an undue and finally imbalancing attention. It raises our expectations both in the story sense (Roth casts such a spell of the believable that we long think Amy is Anne), and in the sense of expanding the meaning of the book, only to leave us with a self-conscious joke, a shallow

Hard-to-find classics at hard-to-find prices.



Let us send you the book of your choice from this list of 15 classics. It's yours for the token price of just $1, as your introduction to the Classics Club.

The Classics Club is unlike any other book club. It doesn't offer best sellers that come and go. Instead, it offers its members a chance to stay young through great books that never grow old; in collector's editions for just $7.39 a volume. (Little more than the cost of a quality paperback.) And there is no minimum number of books you must buy.

As a member, you can select the books you want to own from a list of more than 40 great works of literature, history, biography, and philosophy. Many of them are rarely found in bookstores today—and then, often only in paperback. These volumes are remarkable values. They're hardbound in matched wheat-colored buckram, worked and stamped in crimson, black, and 23 karat gold. And through direct-to-the-public distribution, we are able to offer our members these deluxe editions for only $7.39 each, plus shipping.

Interested? We'll send you your introductory selection for only $1 plus a few cents shipping. Don't send any money now. We'll bill you later. Just fill in and mail the coupon now while you're thinking about it.

1. Sir Francis Bacon *Selected Essays*
2. Honoré de Balzac *Old Goriot*
3. William Bradford *The History of Plymouth*
4. Robert Browning *Selected Poems*
5. Samuel Butler *The Way of All Flesh*
6. Anton Chekhov *Short Stories*
7. Anatole France *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*
8. Benjamin Franklin *Autobiography*
9. Montaigne *Selected Essays*
10. Sir Thomas More *Utopia*
11. Francis T. Palgrave *The Golden Treasury*
12. Plutarch *Selected Lives and Essays*
13. Edgar Allan Poe *Collected Works*
14. William Makepeace Thackeray, *Henry Esmond*
15. Ivan Turgenev *Fathers and Sons*

The Classics Club

Roslyn, N.Y. 11576

Please enroll me as a member and send me at once book number____ (Enter number of your selection from list above.) I enclose no money now. After a week's examination, I will either keep my book and pay $1 (plus shipping) or return it. I will get a complete list of titles from which to select the books I want. For each volume I choose, I pay only $7.39 (plus shipping). I may return any book, at the Club's expense, for full credit and I may cancel my membership at any time.

MR./MS. 9 EV

ADDRESS CO 3F2G

CITY

STATE ZIP

Note: Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members will be served from Ontario, offer slightly different in Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

autobiographical resonance. It's the one failure in the objective art of *The Ghost Writer*, and it makes us wonder at the persistence of Nathan Zuckerman, the ghost of an aggrieved and aggrieving young man, in Philip Roth, the celebrated, the accomplished, the now nearly mature master.

Jack Beatty

Kauffmann, *from page 24*

good subject; but it's a platitudinous, formulaic, distended, and tedious film. The story is by Colin Welland who wrote the script with Walter Bernstein (who apparently has some gift for turning good subjects into specious films, as with Ritt's *The Front*). Doubtless they were encouraged/abetted by Schlesinger and the producers, Joseph Janni and Lester Persky. So the chance to examine a huge demographic abrasion in the desentimentalized perspective of 35 years is perverted to the manufacture of what used to be called a "programmer"—a big, pillowy, essentially comfy movie.

SACRED JOURNEYS

The Conversion of Young Americans to Divine Light Mission

James V. Downton, Jr.

They flocked by the thousands to follow the teen-aged Guru Maharaj Ji. Over 50,000 young people in the U.S. alone were held in the sway of his spiritual teachings. What was his power? How did it change them—and the fabric of our society? These 18 in-depth moving case histories reveal the disturbing forces behind conversion to cult religions in the U.S. today. Illustrated, $12.95 at better bookstores or direct from

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

Address for orders:
136 South Broadway, Irvington, N.Y. 10533

There are three main stories, all romances of course. Two of them are lower class. A sergeant-cook (Richard Gere) falls in love with a shopkeeper's daughter (Lisa Eichhorn); and there is also a comic-prole pair, another cook (Chick Vennera) and a local dumb blonde (Wendy Morgan). Upper reaches: a US captain (William Devane) and a stately-homes beauty (Vanessa Redgrave). The snugness with which class speaks to class in this picture reminded me of a Mauldin cartoon during the war. A colonel, standing on a cliff and admiring a sunset, says to an aide: "Gorgeous. Is there a view for the enlisted men?"

As soon as the initial circumstances are laid out, everything is known and we just have to wait for it all to slog to a conclusion. Gere is suspected of sexual opportunism but is really Decent; Eichhorn is engaged to a boy overseas in Burma, is torn, but is mended when the boy is killed (or killed off by the script). Devane is married; Redgrave is married. They play music together, read books before big fireplaces, go to bed, part nobly. The two comic lovers prove to have hearts of gold.

Any clucking over Schlesinger seems a bit tardy after *Marathon Man* and *Day of the Locust*. A director who was once seriously engaged, though he never was a unique stylist, is now a competent manufacturer. Once in a while the earlier Schlesinger peeks through. An early-morning scene in a shop—father, mother, and daughter arguing about the girl's dates with a GI while they prepare for the crowd waiting outside the locked door—is something like the gardening scene between father and son in *A Kind of Loving*, a nice tension between the continuum of daily life and the trouble of the moment. Later, when the girl hears of her fiancé's death, she reacts with a silly smirk of shock, almost a hint of relief. But most of the direction is as cut-and-very-dried as the script.

Gere, last seen in *Days of Heaven*, has a doughy face and tiny eyes and little of the hovering animalism that is presumably being sold in him. Eichhorn has the right, tight, frightened quality for the girl. Her mother, Rachel Roberts, gives us a 15-years-later version of the stern Midlander she played in *This Sporting Life*. Devane is not a bad actor, just an unappealing one; it's hard to understand Redgrave's response to him. She is, as ever, a great actress of great beauty and presence, but even she cannot begin to redeem this tear-jerker that doesn't jerk tears.

Correspondence, *from page 9*

question as a moral one that we insist on letting the PLO side be heard. Does Israel tenaciously hang on to Palestine for moral reasons or economic ones?

Our reaction to the Andrew Young affair is not anti-Jewish; it is, rather, a reaction against the smug arrogance of *any* group which believes that it alone should be allowed to formulate American foreign policy.

Hosea L. Martin
Piedmont, California

Dirty work

To the editors:

John Osborne's little throwaway line about hunters was really cute (White House Watch: "Two Stories," *TNR*, September 15).

I hunt. Not out of any "gut instinct . . . to kill any wild creature within sight and reach." Out of a gut knowledge that my existence is based on the death of other organisms, and a personal preference not to depend totally on hired hands (ranchers, farmers, meatcutters, etc.) to do all the dirty work for me.

I spend money and time on wildlife conservation for the same reason.

Leon Robinette
Tacoma, Washington

Living in the bull's-eye

To the editors:

TRB's diatribe against guns ("Nightstick Control," *TNR*, August 25) remains outside the real world. One reason I wrote a book against gun control was that six times in my lifetime the presence of a gun, usually a handgun, has kept someone in my family from harm.

Against that, TRB's case seems very donnish. The reason his arguments keep losing in legislative crunches is that enough Americans share my experience or anticipations to keep his kind of idealism safely in limbo. People realize they are living in the bull's-eye in a society which cannot or will not assure their safety on streets and in parks and now even in rural areas where TRB-like permissiveness and "humanism" have made us all a victim class. So much for on-street rehabilitation and revolving-door penology; we have realized that survival is up to us.

Bill Davidson
Tucson, Arizona

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Republic Classified

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIED IS A WEEKLY FEATURE. Ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates: one time ad $1/word, six ads per year. $.95/word, 12 ads per year $.90/word, 24 times per year $.85/word, 48 times per year $.80/word. Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR box numbers. Classified display ads are $30/inch. Bold headline, signature and inset available. Complete rate card upon request. Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your Visa/MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with MasterCharge/Visa only. Send copy or call collect: Carol Weinman, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC 20036. (202) 331-7494.

Personals

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. Information: NR 43, RD 1 Box 409, Coopersburg, PA 18036.

PIERRE NICOLET'S MONTREAL DIET. First time in U.S. $5.00. Nicolet, USA, 6 Van Ness Rd., Binghamton, N.Y. 13905.

GAY? Meet intelligent, interesting people. Quick-Confidential-Legitimate. Call now. Steve (212) 232-5500. Nationwide.

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE. Scientific computerized matching. Nationwide. All ages, inexpensive. FREE questionnaire. TEAM, 1270 Broadway, New York, New York 10001.

WHAT ARE your values? Sixty cards are each beautifully illustrated with different human values. Value identification and a comparison of your values with the values of your loved ones is facilitated. Please send check for $6.95 per deck to Mr. Jack Cohen, Value Publishing Company, 7609 Hazelcrest Drive, Hazelwood, Missouri 63042.

BROTHERS (STRAIGHT/BI GAY) went to Stafford, Ont. Saw "Ned & Jack," male liberation play. Please call Charlie. Share attitudes, feelings, reactions (215) 848-5746 anytime.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS get the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081. Established 1970.

DATES GALORE! Meet singles-anywhere. Call DATELINE, toll-free (800) 451-3245.

JAPANESE GIRLS make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental Beauty. $2 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 156-NR, Carnelian Bay, CA 95711.

FREE GIFT WORLD CATALOG!! Free gift with first order! Write now! The Kollie Company, Dept. 10NR, P.O. Box 1651, Ft. Worth, Texas 76101.

FINE WALKING STICKS & CANES
Free color brochure. Marchele Co. Dept. NRD, Fort Washington Ave., New York, N. Y. 10040.

SCRABBLE PLAYERS. Doubly-alphabetized list of 14,000 seven letter words. $10, RGP, 3600 Chestnut, Box 1162, Philadelphia, Pa. 19104.

RUBBER STAMP CATALOG. $2. Over 130 artist designs. Super gifts! Letterstamp. 834 Chalmers. Chicago. 60614

FRUIT CAKE made with lavish amounts of pecans and fruit, these cakes go to all fifty states every year. Surely one of the best buys in America today. Round fruit cake in tin-2 lb., 4 oz.-$8.50. Large square fruit cake-2 lb., 10 oz.-$7.50. Add $1.00 for postage and handling. Write for free catalog of other items: pecan-peanut granola, hickory smoked peacans, peanut candy, etc. Koinonia Partners, Rt. 2, Americus, GA 31709

MICROWAVE OVENS zap food with radiation. Don't you get zapped too. Use the new, U.S. patented MONITOR to detect dangerous microwave radiation leaks. Warranty. $17.95 ppd., MICRODEC, Box 6313, Arlington, Va. 22206.

THE GAY ENGAGEMENT CALENDAR 1980. Witty, provocative, and practical. Now's the time to order one so that January won't be a social jumble. $5.95 each, postpaid from The Main Street Press, Department D, 42 Main Street, Clinton, NJ 08809.

Infants Formula

WORLD HEALTH Organization Conference should establish strict guidelines on infant's formula sold to Third World to be followed by Nestle and others plus Third World Countries establish added food supplements to mothers at low cost.

Et Cetera

PIANO EXTRAORDINAIRE . . . listeners receive cassettes to rate . . . $3 (refundable): Advent, P.O. Box 32101, Washington, D.C. 20007

MAGNIFICIENT MUSHROOM SOUP or Yummy Yogurt Cake. $1 each recipe. Box 1100, Williamsburg, Va. 23185.

HOW TO WIN CONTEST. Step by step Guide shows how, and when to send entry, how many to send, what kind of envelope, rules to follow or ignore. Use the method the professionals use. Be a winner! Guaranteed! Rush $3.00 to: Kollie Company, Dept. 10NR, P.O. Box 1651, Ft. Worth, Texas 76101.

LOVE CONQUERS ALL

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. A last, the compact solution to your smoking problem. The most practical and workable manual. Be healthier and happier. Only $3.00. Order now! Kollie Company, Dept. 10NR, P.O. Box 1651, Ft. Worth, Texas 76101.

Instruction

INSTITUTE FOR CAREER MANAGEMENT, I. R. Schwartz, Director. WEEKEND SEMINARS IN CAREER DEVELOPMENT. Learn practical skills in self-assessment, career change, and getting a job. For program brochure, contact: Institute for Career Management, Charles River Park, Two Hawthorne Place, Boston, MA 02114, (617) 367-9119.

Foreign Studies

LEARN SPOKEN SPANISH in Cuernavaca Language School. Five hours a day. Not more than four students per teacher. This unique program will enable you to speak correctly and fluently in your professional activities. Details: Apdo. 480 Cuernavaca, Mexico.

Colleges/Universities

COLLEGE STUDENTS! Improve your grades. Send $1.00 for 356-page collegiate research papers catalog. 10,250 available. RESEARCH ASSISTANCE, Box 25918NR, Los Angeles, California 90025. (213) 477-8226.

Literature

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS
SALE CATALOG—630 titles, discounts up to 85%. Cut-off date January 31, 1980. Write: Princeton University Press, Box A, Princeton, N.J. 08540.

WHAT ARE your values? Sixty cards are each beautifully illustrated with different human values. Value identification and a comparison of your values with the values of your loved ones is facilitated. Please send check for $6.95 per deck to Mr. Jack Cohen, Value Publishing Company, 7609 Hazelcrest Drive, Hazelwood, Missouri 63042.

CONQUERING STRESS—Effective techniques for reducing tension in your life. Send $6: Focus Enterprises, Box 488-D, Williamsville, N.Y. 14221.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619.

Literary Services

SCHOLARLY, LITERARY, TECHNICAL, O.P. TITLES are our specialty. Fall '79 catalogue—$2.00; Free search service. J. HOOD, BOOKSELLER, 1401 Massachusetts, Lawrence, KS 66044.

BOOK SEARCHING. All subjects. Regent House, 108 N. Roselake Ave., Los Angeles, California 90026.

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS, BARGAIN BOOKS, 3,000 titles, all subjects! Free catalog: Hamilton, 98-71 Clapboard, Danbury, CT 06810.

STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service. Please write Peter Sperling Books, Dept. R, 207, E. 21st St., NYC, NY 10010

WRITERS: "PROBLEM" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

TRY OUR INTRODUCTORY "3 for 2" offer - response nearly triples with multiple insertions. TNR Classifieds work!

Employment Opportunities

Vermont family needs governess/helper. Rural, but not isolated; near major ski and educational areas. Informal atmosphere. Teaching experience preferred. Salary, room, car, etc. Write: H. Wilkins, Box W, Dorset, Vermont 05251.

Computers

USEFUL SOFTWARE for TRS-80 personal computers. For office, educators, professionals. Boring little tasks computerized, run on cassett TRS-80s. Original authors wanted for catalog editions. Brochures, W.V.A. Wares, 618 16th, Huntington, W. VA. 25701.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

T-Shirts

JOIN THE KENNEDY BANDWAGON. *Order your* "I'm Ready for Teddy" T-Shirt, 50/50 heather blue, sizes (S-M-L-XL), $5, includes mailing; cashiers *check or cash only; Wild West Company.* 1400 North Rouse, Bozeman, MT 59715.

JESUS CHRIST FOR PRES! (also Karl Marx, others) High Quality T-SHIRT. S-M-L. Blue or yellow. $7 + 95¢ handling. M.O., Check, VISA /MC (number & exp. date) to: Tom Lagos T-Shirts, 7811 175th SW, Edmonds, WA. 98020. Money back guarantee.

DUMP CARTER-Ditch Brown-Draft Kennedy: Dump Carter: Draft Kennedy: Captain Moron for President '80: T-Shirts white $6.45, Four/$20. *POLI-T-SHIRTS UNLIMITED,* Box #4391, Washington, D.C. 20012. Specify S,M,L,XL. Quantity Discounts Available.

COVER UP WITH SHERLOCK HOLMES

Sherlock Holmes, Dickinson, Faulkner, Joyce, D.H. Lawrence, Neruda, Rimbaud, Thoreau, Tolstoy, *Chaplin, Adam and Eve, Gilbert and Sullivan, Mahler,* Wagner, Jung, Wittgenstein, Mao, Golda Meir, Adam Smith, John Muir, Neanderthal Man, Van Gogh, Frank L. Wright, Nietzsche, B. Russell, Dracula, Frankenstein, St. Nick, Scrooge. Others cat. 25. T SHIRTS: White $7 4/$25. Red or blue $9 4/$32. S, M, L, XL and children's. SWEATSHIRTS: Gray $14. 2/$26. S, M, L, XL. TOTES: $12 2/$22. NIGHTSHIRTS: Red or blue $12 2/$22. S, M, L, only. APRONS: $10 2/$18 cotton, prices ppd. Canadian customers add $1.50 per piece.
HISTORICAL PROD. box 220c Cambridge, Ma. 02138

Bumperstickers

"DUMP CARTER" Bumperstickers, $2.00, Sunpeople, 1405 Locust Street, Suite 1111, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

KENNEDY BUTTONS, bumperstickers-$1.00 each. Box 762, 681 Ellis, San Francisco, CA 94109.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS. Low *cost, custom made advertising for your Business* Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE. *Please state intended use for appropriate samples.* Write for FREE Brochure, Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR, 8551 *Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri* 63114. *Phone* (314) 423-5495.

Property Sale/Rent

PUERTO RICO: 3-Bedroom House in beach front community at Luquillo, for rent weekly. Edward Pinney, Box 480, Gracie Sta., New York, N.Y. 10028 (212) 233-5314.

SABBATICAL? Rent/Exchange housing worldwide. LOAN-A-HOME, 18N Darwood Place. Mt. Vernon, New York 10533

RELOCATE, RETIRE in Tucson, Arizona. Write M.J. Barrett, Century 21, Companion Realty, 7010 N. Oracle Rd., 85705 for free information packet and personalized service.

Vacation/Travel

HARD-TO-FIND Travel Accessories, Free Brochure, Alfordo, Sudbury, Mass. 01776

ROAM THE WORLD by freighter. Deluxe accomodations. Save gas, beats inflation! TravLtips, 16309 Depot D498, Flusing, NY 11358.

THE GREAT ESCAPES

THE PALMS of Key West. A quiet guesthouse in a gay, tropical setting. 820R White Street, Key West, FL 33040 (305) 294-3146.

ATTN: World Travelers

At last! A monthly publication for the frequent globetrotter. Latest news on customs, currency, laws, air fares, charters. Columns on cruises, sports, lodging, tours, shopping, health, solo travel, dining, wines, art, photography and much more. Observations by our readers exchanging the good and the bad. We "tell it like it is." One-year subscription only $5.95. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. **International Travel News,** 2120 28th St., #283, Sacramento, CA 95818.

JOIN WEST INDIES SCHOONER CRUISE - Martinique, Grenada, Guadaloupe, Saba, under white sail. 6 informal days of beach combing in a tropical paradise with congenial shipmates. A great "get away," 'barefoot' and casual. No rush, no TV. Full crew and captain. Share from $310.00. Free adventure booklet. Write Windjammer Barefoot Cruises, Dept. 051, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

Music

CHAMBER MUSIC FURNITURE
Hardwood stands, benches, and accessories.
Traditional Elegant Designs.
Early Music Stands
Free Catalog
Drawer 2400, Box 277, Palo Alto, CA 94302

Arts and Crafts

ORDER OIL PORTRAITS FROM YOUR COLOR 35MM SLIDE OR PHOTO by leading artist Diane Lee Brown. 16" x 20", $135; 18" x 24", $198; 24" x 30", $350. Send check or money order for full amount to: Studio Originals, 2506 Browncliff, Bloomington, Indiana 47401 (free brochure upon request).

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINT REPRODUCTIONS Masterpieces by Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. New catalogue illustrated 600 subjects, $10.00 (seamail). No wholesale available. Adachi Institute of Woodcut Prints, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan.

Do It Yourself

HOMEBUYING GUIDE—All the information you need to eliminate the middleperson in finding, financing and purchasing your new home. $7.95 postpaid with prepayment: Abt Books, Dept. NR, 55 Wheeler Street, Cambridge, MA 02138.

INTRODUCE YOUR AD TO A QUARTER MILLION READERS FOR JUST $1 A WORD!

Vacation/Travel

PUERTO RICO. Luquillo Beach House. 3 bedrooms, for rent weekly. Edward Pinney. Box 460, Gracie Station, New York, New York 10028.

*SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER. Pay for 2 ads—get # 3 FREE!.

Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR Box #'s. *(complete rate info on preceding pg.)*
Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your Visa/MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with Visa/MasterCharge only. Send Copy or *call collect:* Carol Weinman, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC. 20036. (202) 331-7494.

My ad reads:

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Celebrity is often wholly unrelated to achievement. That's certainly the case with Jesse Jackson's celebrity. He's been compensating for how little he has actually accomplished by the grandiosity of his stated ambitions: PUSH is an acronym for People United to Save Humanity, nothing less. Street-smart, Jackson is always looking for an angle. In recent years he, almost alone among the black leadership, has come up with angles that work—at least with angles that keep him in the limelight, and also that keep the cash flowing. That's not been the fortune of others in the shambles and tatters of black organizational life. But now the Young affair has changed all that. Even the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, a cohort of black ministers high on gospel cadences and low, lower even than Jackson, on visible attainments, has won a new lease on life. Not exactly in the spirit of Dr. King, but no matter. When the reverends Joseph Lowery and Walter Fauntroy joined arms with Arafat to sing "We Shall Overcome" in Beirut on the very day the PLO claimed credit for another random bombing of a market in Jerusalem, it added little to what they persist in calling an "independent peace effort." This leadership is for rent; it barely pretends otherwise. But since an anti-Israel stance is not likely to seem relevant to the mass of blacks, many black leaders are not beyond plain old anti-Semitism, tried and true. That's why there is so much talk about Jewish money and Jewish influence and those phantom "Jewish promoters" who so obsess Jackson. James Baldwin, fresh from his *rive gauche* travails for black freedom, wrote last week that someone called "the Jew . . . is still doing the Christian's dirty work." What Jew? All Jews. Andy Young, with an ego as big as the Ritz, says that come Yom Kippur the Jews should do penance for Israel's bombing of Lebanon. Would Israel bomb Lebanon at all if the terror it faces daily did not originate there? Certainly not. Have I ever asked Young to do penance for Idi Amin or for atrocities committed by African blacks? Young and I last spent some time together on New Year's Eve. The mood was convivial, high, even frivolous. I really did not take seriously his notion that Colonel Qaddafi had to be brought into the peace process. The colonel, in any case, doesn't want to be in on any peace process. But that hasn't kept Young's old SCLC comrades from going to Libya late last month and bestowing a prize on Qaddafi, the chief bankroller of world-wide terrorism—a prize carrying the name of Martin Luther King. Obscene.

Tragedy has stalked the Kennedys. They are not a family to envy. Maybe it's just Jimmy Carter, but I find myself more engaged by Ted Kennedy than I ever imagined I could be. I've been churlish enough about him in the past to feel sheepish about offering him personal counsel. I'll risk it, though, being persuaded that some public good may be involved also. If there is to be a Kennedy presidency, let it be one in which his children and nieces and nephews are not foisted on the country as celebrities. I've said this to Kennedy intimates and their reasonable retort is "let the country not foist itself on the Kennedys." There's some justice to this. The press surely doesn't leave them alone, mercilessly pursuing them into the shadows of their private lives. And every private life is shadowy. But the Kennedys do invite the celebrity spotlight, even though it must scar them, even though it inevitably has its cruel aspects. I read recently that young Ted, the senator's teenage son whose leg had been amputated and who wears a prosthesis, had received some award for bravery, which his father accepted in his absence. I don't for a moment doubt young Ted's bravery; bravery in fact seems to be in his blood. But many of us know brave people, young and old, who've coped with comparable hardship, and worse, unrewarded, unrecognized, simply assumed. This prize sets this Kennedy apart; victory over disease aside, he is already apart enough. Why add to this boy's celebrity status? Why not allow him to have his triumphs and defeats in private? It would be better for the Kennedys and better for our democracy if they tried more to be celebrities less.

The US has finally won a battle at the UN. The Pol Pot regime, out of power in Phnom Penh but favored by China and others opposed to Vietnamese dominion in Southeast Asia, therefore favored by us, will retain the trappings of sovereignty on the East River. In Kampuchea there is less and less to be sovereign over. A third of the Cambodian people was eliminated by precisely the folk who've just been the beneficiaries of our diplomatic scurrying. The *raison d'état* for the US's grotesque maneuvering on behalf of these mass murderers is that at least they are not Hanoi's puppets. There is now an awful famine in Cambodia, portending death for half of that miserable country's survivors. But each of the two warring governments seems intent mostly on keeping out foreign relief that might enhance the other's power. Many think the doctrine of non-intervention to be a humane one. It was not that in Spain in 1936, nor in Czechoslovakia after Munich. It is not that now in Cambodia, where a decisive intervention, independent of and, if necessary, against the two thug ruling groups, might save the lives of millions and with that the life of an entire civilization.

The American Civil Liberties Union deserves a lot of credit for defending unpopular causes, like free speech for Nazis, but its eagerness to play the spoilsport on behalf of evangelical anticlericism seems simply perverse. Every year the ACLU celebrates the holiday season by bringing lawsuits against manger scenes in city hall lobbies and whatnot. Last December Mary McGrory accused it of "pursuing the spirit of Christmas across the country like a criminal." Now various local chapters of the ACLU are having a fine old time trying to prevent any official hospitality for the visit of the pope. The First Amendment does forbid any government action leading to the "establishment of religion" and there may well be some technical violations of that injunction going on. But there's little danger of the Roman Catholic church becoming the established religion of America, and it's hard to see why the ACLU is wasting its resources (including the resource of public good will) on a cause in which no individual's liberty is at stake. In Philadelphia, the issue is a platform for the pope to stand on. Mayor Rizzo says amiably of the ACLU's threat of a suit, "Oh that wouldn't bother me, they always sue me." In Boston, the platform has four sections, and the ACLU objects to only two of them. The sections where "dignitaries" and the press will sit is OK with the ACLU, but the sections for the pope and the choir are no good. If I were a Boston taxpayer, I'd be more annoyed about my tax dollars being used to support the rumps of a lot of preening dignitaries and journalists than about helping to improve the view for millions of fellow taxpayers who don't get a platform at all.

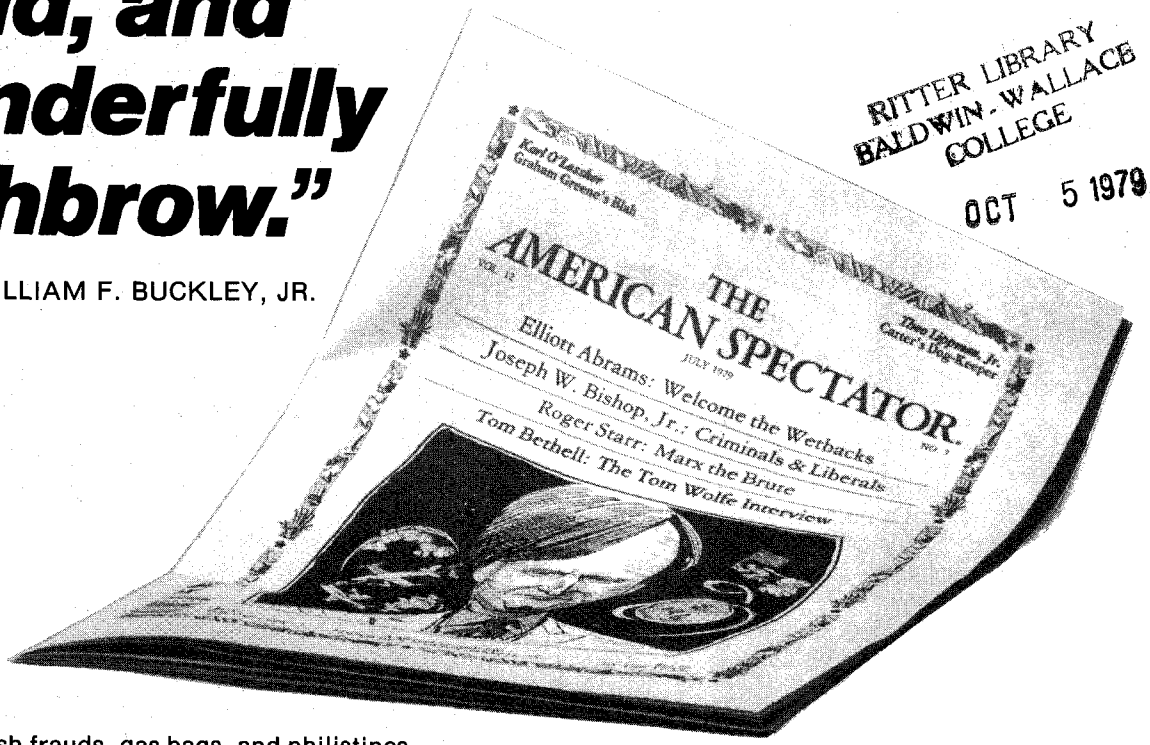
M.P.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Iconbusting, brawlingly staid, and wonderfully highbrow."

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE
OCT 5 1979


THE
AMERICAN SPECTATOR.
JULY 1979
Elliott Abrams: Welcome the Wetbacks
Joseph W. Bishop, Jr.: Criminals & Liberals
Roger Starr: Marx the Brute
Tom Bethell: The Tom Wolfe Interview

Do you disrelish frauds, gas bags, and philistines armed with the full power of the State? Do you relish humor, intelligence, eloquence—writing that cuts to the heart of an issue in memorable style? If so, *The American Spectator* is for you.

Inside every issue you will find intelligent articles on important subjects ranging from politics to literary criticism, from economic analysis to policy analysis to film commentary.

Along with such serious articles you will find regular features and special articles that are guaranteed to make you laugh out loud. Each issue, for example, carries a full page of idiotic quotations gathered from the far corners of the Republic. Another page summarizes the latest monkeyshines perpetrated by the world's buffoons.

Our all-star lineup features not only well-known writers like Malcolm Muggeridge, Irving Kristol, and Milton Friedman, but also some of the most talented members of the rising young generation, for instance, editor R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., whose opinions *Time* magazine has said "are couched in some of the liveliest prose since the passing of H.L. Mencken."

So if you are wearied by those magazines that approach every issue with a sour face, you should consider *The American Spectator.* If you are also looking for a magazine that will render you thoughtful, then inflamed, *The American Spectator* is definitely for you.

To order a subscription just complete the coupon and send it to us with your check. Or—if you prefer—we can bill you. In either case we offer a 100% money-back guarantee.

Subscribe to a magazine that stirs the blood and engages the mind. Subscribe to The American Spectator.

"One of the nation's most energetic and sprightly journals of opinion.... If *The American Spectator* has a guiding philosophy, it is little more than a disgust for hypocrisy, utopian social engineering and bad writing."

—TIME

"One of the liveliest, best written, best edited journals of ideas and politics we know."

—BALTIMORE SUN

"One of the few magazines which dares to focus on both popular and terribly unpopular viewpoints. The result is a fascinating, intelligent, and totally readable approach to current affairs. It is highly recommended."

—LIBRARY JOURNAL

THE
AMERICAN SPECTATOR.
P.O. BOX 877, BLOOMINGTON, IN 47402

Yes, I'll try *The American Spectator.* Please enter a one-year subscription (12 issues) for $12.

☐ Please bill me. If the first issue disappoints me, I'll write "cancel" across the bill and owe nothing.

☐ My $12 is enclosed. Please send me TWO ADDITIONAL ISSUES AT NO ADDITIONAL COST. I understand that full refund is guaranteed if I cancel on seeing the first issue.

[Please print]

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

9K2

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED